

BEGINNING—THE OUTLINE OF LOVE
BY GROUCHO MARX

JUNE 10,
1933

Liberty 5¢

SHALL WE
WORK FOR
LESS?

By
WILLIAM GREEN
President of the A. F. of L.



Snap out *of* *afternoon* DROWSY TIME



You yawn. You're tired...
And you lag in your work.

Take a minute for an ice-cold Coca-Cola,
and bounce back to normal. • An ice-cold
Coca-Cola is more than just a drink. It's a
very particular kind of drink—combin-
ing those pleasant, wholesome substances
which foremost scientists say do most in re-
storing you to your normal self. Really deli-
cious, it invites a pause — *the pause that refreshes.*



Refresh yourself
Bounce back to normal



I've saved \$3 for a Rainy Day ... on tooth paste alone

"MAYBE you think I'm not glad I changed to Listerine Tooth Paste!

"It's worked wonders for my teeth. They used to be cloudy and dull. Now you can see how white and sparkling they are. My gums are firmer, too, and my whole mouth feels swell! I've never found anything at any price that I liked so well, or gave such good results.

"And speaking of price, Listerine Tooth Paste has saved me about \$3, and I've used it only a year. You see, it costs a quarter, and the difference between that and forty or fifty cents may look small, but it mounts up.

"That old saying about saving for a rainy day has a new meaning for me. It had already been raining for a couple of years before I woke up, but believe me, I've learned to watch the small items now. I'm darned glad to save \$3 on my tooth paste—especially when I prefer Listerine Tooth Paste anyway!"

* * *

Smile into your mirror. Examine your teeth. If they are yellowish or lack lustre, change to Listerine Tooth Paste for a few days. Then look at the reflection of your teeth in the glass again. The difference you will see there will be almost unbelievable.

Tobacco stains and all other discoloration will be gone. Your teeth will be whiter than you ever thought possible.

They will look "alive"—sparkling with highlights, glistening with cleanliness.

Cannot scratch enamel

The new cleansing and polishing agent in Listerine Tooth Paste cannot scratch or mar the softest tooth surface. Yet it's just hard enough to remove the tartar that clings to the teeth.

Try this modern dentifrice today. You will like the taste, and your teeth and gums will be greatly benefited. At the same time, you will be saving about \$3 on tooth paste alone! Lambert Pharmaceutical Company, St. Louis, Missouri.



**See what you can buy
for the \$3 you save**

HANDKERCHIEFS	RAINCOAT
HOSE	SNEAKERS
HAT	MOCCASINS
SWEATER	SLIPPERS
GLOVES	SHOES
KNICKERS	RUBBERS
PYJAMAS	UMBRELLA

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE · 25¢

removes film faster

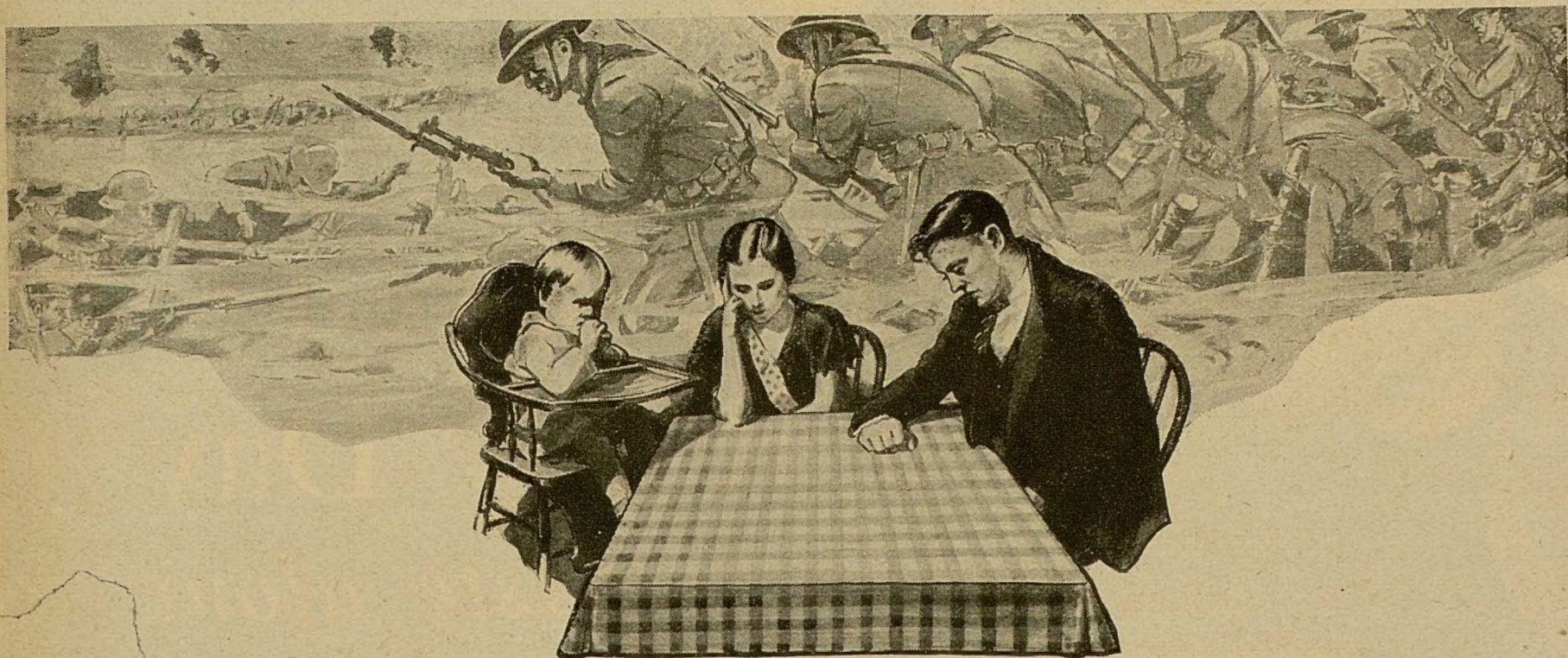
★ ★ ★ A M E R I C A ' S B E S T R E A D W E E K L Y ★ ★ ★

"THAT THIS NATION, UNDER GOD, SHALL HAVE A NEW BIRTH OF FREEDOM, AND THAT GOVERNMENT OF THE PEOPLE, BY THE PEOPLE, FOR THE PEOPLE, SHALL NOT PERISH FROM THE EARTH."—ABRAHAM LINCOLN

BERNARR MACFADDEN, PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER, EDITOR

WM. MAURICE FLYNN, MANAGING EDITOR



The VETERANS and the NEW DEAL

ALREADY the New Deal is being threatened. Legislators are attempting to combine, with a view to restricting definite and immediate action that is so appallingly needed at this time.

And there is the problem of another bonus march on Washington, and in some towns Communistic agitators are taking every possible advantage of the woeful situation brought to us by the depression.

No single group of American citizens deserves more real sympathy and more sensitive treatment from the government than do the veterans of our foreign wars.

And no single group in the United States has been more cruelly exploited by politicians and agitators.

They were told that they were "heroes" when the nation wanted them to go out and save the world for democracy. Every panhandling candidate for public office has made a play for the "buddies." Party platforms have caressed them. The Soldiers' Homes, the Veterans' Hospitals, the bonus, disability compensation, and their beneficiaries have been built into a huge political racket designed to grab votes for politicians and to create jobs for their henchmen.

Now that hard times have hit the nation and it has been necessary to squeeze some of the waste and graft out of the budget, it is the ex-soldier who is paying for it—not his self-appointed leader who coined the nation's gratitude toward the members of the A. E. F. into political small change.

The President has a Herculean task before him. His accomplishments up to date border upon the miraculous. But the veterans must be patient. Whatever is done for them must be put through in an orderly manner.

But the President and every good citizen realizes that the veterans must be given a square deal; that they must be given proper and sympathetic consideration.

We ask our suffering veterans to obey the law. There is the law of God, the law that man has created, and there is a law that is a definite part of human instinct. A father of a family finds his wife and children without food, with no means at hand for relief. Then the law of instinct begins to operate, and it sometimes disregards the law of God and of man.

You who are housed in comfortable homes, who are eating regular meals with your loving family around you, suppose you were placed in a similar position—no food for your little ones, gaunt hungry eyes staring at you.

That is the viewpoint we should keep in mind when we consider the plight not only of our soldiers of the World War but numerous good citizens who have never been to war.

But the veterans are asked patiently to await the remedial measures which our President expects to adopt in their behalf.

The former administration gave them scant consideration, but they can expect much better treatment from the New Deal.

TABLE OF CONTENTS WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 57



SPUD Fan Mail

Are you one of the thousands of fans who have written us about Spud? If so, we want to take this opportunity of thanking you. It is pleasant and encouraging to receive letters like those printed below.

W. F. AXTON, *President*
The Axton-Fisher Tobacco Co., Inc.

NOTE: Spud fan letters are spontaneous. No solicited or paid testimonials.

Dear Mr. Axton:

The first time . . .

"Well, it was a Spud she gave me and for the first time in my life I can say I enjoy smoking. I even bought a carton to take to the Adirondacks with me."

(Mrs. E.) Edna L. Baggatt, Brooklyn, N.Y.

The last five years . . .

"In looking through a magazine the other day, I came across an advertisement of yours about Spud cigarettes. Every word of that advertisement was true. I think there isn't another cigarette on the market that can compare with Spuds."

"I've smoked them for the last five years and the last smoke was as delightful and wonderful as the first."

George Moller, McKeesport, Pa.

"Smoked out" feeling gone . . .

"I had that 'smoked out' feeling with other brands . . . so I determined to have a try at Spuds."

"The cool, clean, refreshing taste remains . . . and the 'smoked out' feeling is all gone."

Clair E. Stilwell, Akron, Ohio

Heavy smoker . . .

"I have been smoking them (Spuds) constantly now for nearly a year and find they are everything you recommend them to be."

"I changed from another brand because I am a fairly heavy smoker and as I work nights, as a linotype operator, I found my mouth and throat harsh and dry and with a disagreeable taste in my mouth after a night's work."

"After smoking your cigarettes for a while, I found that that condition does not exist."

Louis Frader, Camden, New Jersey

Smoked for hours . . .

"Yes, Spuds are really cool, enjoyable cigarettes . . . that can be smoked for hours at a time without ever lessening that clean, delightful taste one learns to like when he knows he is smoking the best."

"More than ever the men of our organization (aviation) are switching to Spuds permanently, for genuine smoking enjoyment."

W. L. Flager, C. E. Horseman
Kansas City, Missouri.

Passes "good word" along . . .

"You didn't ask me for the 'good word'; nevertheless, I am only too glad to give it."

"My pleasant experience has converted another Spud smoker. And, gentlemen . . . when you convert them, they stay converted."

F. G. Flack, Glendale, L. I., N. Y.

Intend to smoke . . .

"For the last two weeks I have been smoking Spuds and find them to be an exceptionally fine cigarette."

"I have had a cold for two weeks . . . but Spuds, being a cool smoke, had a soothing effect . . . I intend to smoke Spuds right along."

Clarence H. Haskins, Montpelier, Vt.

Down-right enjoyment . . .

"I know it is quite unusual for a manufacturer to receive an unsolicited letter praising his product."

"However, I have derived such pleasure and down-right enjoyment while smoking SPUDS that I feel I should let you know. For real honest to goodness smoke satisfaction SPUDS are ideal. Several of my friends who have consistently, to use slang, 'grubbed' SPUDS from me are now smoking them regularly."

Bernard Rosenblatt, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Appreciating more and more . . .

"I became interested and purchased a pack (of Spuds) for myself. Before I had them half smoked I began to like them. Not only did they have a pleasant taste, but better than that they certainly permitted me to smoke in comfort and enjoy it. And so I kept on purchasing them, and appreciating them more and more."

Arthur J. Mann, Hamden, Conn.

Outstanding clean taste . . .

"It has been my experience that the menthol taste is not noticeable after having smoked several packages of Spuds, although the effect of a cool smoke is still the same."

"The outstanding thing about Spuds, in my opinion, is the clean taste left in the mouth after smoking innumerable cigarettes, especially in the morning after a night's sleep. This, more than anything, has sold me on Spuds and it is only because of my appreciation for your having removed the unpleasant effects of cigarette smoking, that I write you this letter."

R. B. Lyman, Akron, Ohio



20 FOR 15c

(25c IN CANADA)

Shall We Work

Shorter Hours of Toil Must Come, Says the Chief Spokesman for American Labor; What Shall We Do About Wages?

by WILLIAM GREEN

President of the American Federation of Labor

as told to

EARL REEVES

(Reading time: 11 minutes 40 seconds.)

IF prosperity could be restored tomorrow on a 1929 basis I am convinced that there would be four million jobless men and women in the United States.

At the boom peak 2,500,000 were unemployed. In "good" times unemployment was increasing 600,000 annually.

Why? Because machinery has been replacing men at a more rapid pace.

That replacement began toward the middle of the last century. Then there was mob violence by workers. They slaved from dark to dark, twelve or thirteen hours, for subsistence. Their families lived mean, hopeless lives. Machinery, it was thought, threatened even the little that they had: it took away jobs.

Despite enmity and conflict, the factory system expanded. More and more power was used. Invention flourished. Hours were shortened. Wages were increased.

It was desire for profits which gave the engineer and the inventor a free hand. But the struggle for shorter hours and higher pay was waged with arguments about health, welfare, and justice. And so men came to speak in time of the manifest benefits of the Industrial Era.

There could have been very few benefits indeed if the old work hours had been maintained. Or if labor had remained a "commodity," to be bought at the lowest possible price. There could have been only the most restricted market for machinery's products if the millions of men at machines had had time only to work, eat, and sleep, and income which barely covered food, shelter, and heat.

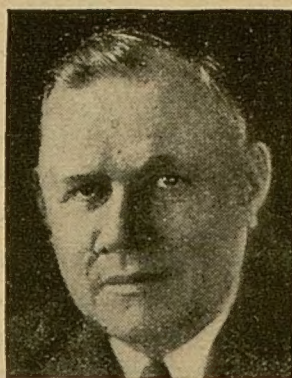
But changes in hours and wages meant that the great mass of people had money for purchasing manufactured goods and time to use these goods.

So we came to enjoy telling ourselves that the American workingman had comforts and luxuries denied to royalty in earlier centuries. These were the fruits of what we called "the industrial revolution." We thought we were an enlightened people to have managed this "revolution" so well. In our pride we invented a new name.

"Our generation," we said, "lives in the Age of the Machine."

But, a little more than a decade ago, we forgot something. We forgot that shorter hours and longer wages had been quite as essential to our progress—and high standard of living—as had power and invention.

During a decade, 1920-29, the national average work week remained fixed at about fifty hours. Wages increased very little. But engineers used more power;



William Green became president of the American Federation of Labor in 1924, having been international secretary-treasurer of the United Mine Workers of America since 1913 and, before that, Ohio district president of the Mine Workers' Union. He had also been a member of the Ohio State Senate, and delegate or alternate at large to three Democratic national conventions. He was born in the town of Coshocton, Ohio, where he lives today.

they used it better; and inventors applied it to machinery which enabled men to do more work.

Let us think of one man as typical: Bill Smith, factory hand, aged fifty, on the job for thirty years.

By giving Bill better machinery, engineers and inventors increased his productivity four times as fast during the last decade as during the previous twenty years.

Look at it another way: In 1929 Bill Smith could do in two thirds of a day as much work as would have taken a whole day in 1920.

Multiply Bill Smith by 30,000,000—in round numbers the total who normally have jobs, agriculture excepted—and what do you have?

Thirty millions working the same hours as ten years earlier, receiving little more in wages but producing a great deal more of everything.

Who was to buy more?

They couldn't. They had neither more dollars nor more time in which to use more manufactured things. The rich could not buy all the surplus. They are too few. Nor the farmers. They were having to buy less. There was the foreign market? The demand from abroad was decreasing. And the two and a half millions who were already jobless in boom times had no buying power at all.

Little of the net social gain which accrued from more and better power, and from machinery—some almost miraculous in its dexterity—was distributed to wage earners. Almost all went into corporation treasuries.

These added profits increased the speculative frenzy of 1928-29. And yet during this very period the mass market for goods was being strangled by the increasing unemployment and by the fact that, working fifty hours and at approximately a 1920 wage scale, the thirty million job holders could not buy and consume all the goods they collectively produced.

Discovery of the piling up of a surplus—for which there were not enough possible customers—led to the Wall Street collapse and the depression.

Admittedly the basic cause of both was insufficient buying power. But each month during three years has seen further tremendous restriction of public buying power. The nation's total wage bill was cut in half between 1929 and 1931, which meant that wage earners had seventeen billion dollars less to spend. The total national income decreased thirty-four billions. Such decreases continued in 1932.

There seemed to be no end to "deflation."

Toward the end of 1931 the American Federation of

for Less?

Labor—which believed that the only cure for unemployment and the depression was jobs—made a significant study.

Briefly, and in round numbers, the findings of our research department can be summarized as follows:

Of 30,000,000 employable men and women—of industry, transportation, and commerce—14,000,000 were on full time, 10,000,000 averaged two thirds time, and 6,000,000 were unemployed.

The work of this country, exclusive of farming, then was being done with one billion man-hours per week.

"Divide that work up among the thirty millions, each working a thirty-five-hour week," we suggested.

"This will end unemployment, doing away with need for relief; it will spread a feeling of job security, ending fear and panic; it will spread buying power among wage earners, and loosen the purse strings of many of all classes who have had cash but have been afraid to buy needed supplies because they did not know what crisis tomorrow might bring.

"Finally, this will be a step toward the general reduction of hours which should have started a decade ago."

THAT proposal came from organized labor. Under it employed workers would have had to sacrifice a part of their time and pay. The proposal was not sympathetically received by employers. They held to the century-old theory that longer hours gave them a better chance to get more out of their employees.

Months passed. Unemployment increased. Pocketbooks grew slimmer. Sales declined. Deficits mounted. By late spring the division of work we were proposing would have involved a thirty-hour week. Then, quietly, unannounced in the press, men responsible for direction of many of our greatest corporations—operating factories, railways, and business enterprises—began assembling around conference tables. Leaders were searching for ways out of our difficulties. I was asked to attend many such conferences. A marked change in attitude was visible.

In the business world events were noted which indicated that employers had been going through a period of education and enlightenment.

W. K. Kellogg announced that a six-hour day, in operation two years, had *paid* in increased production and profits.

Some hundreds of firms adopted the five-day week. Many factories worked out part-time schedules, retaining as many wage earners as possible.



In the West, President Kingsbury of Standard Oil of California instigated a spread-work campaign, being joined by employers in many types of enterprise.

In New England, Governor John G. Winant launched the so-called "New Hampshire Plan," aimed at adding three millions to the pay rolls of America. He proposed to do this through a ten-per-cent reduction in present hours; but the worker's pay was not to be a full ten per cent less, a part of the cost of this change being assessed against salaried management and stockholder dividends.

In the East also, Walter Teagle, president of Standard Oil of New Jersey, had crusaded for a shorter week. He boldly introduced the five-day week in his own company and found that it did not decrease efficiency or increase costs.

Subsequently he was appointed by the President to head a committee of business leaders whose initial objective was adding one million wage earners to the pay rolls by such readjustment as proved practical in different kinds of offices, factories, and shops.

Commercial firms saw in the proposed readjustment greater difficulties than were met with in factories; but, after thorough investigation, the United States Chamber of Commerce itself recommended the forty-hour week.

The Interstate Commerce Commission held a hearing on the feasibility of the six-hour day in transportation.

The National Industrial Conference Board, a research body supported by all kinds of employers, made a study which resulted in a declaration for a five-day week.

Our "shorter hours" policy has been brought from the realm of theory into the field of *practical action*.

There had been, perhaps, three phases in our attitude toward the depression. We listened to formulas for solution. We tried ignoring it out of existence. Then it was decided that the depression would vanish with "a change in public psychology"—which, however, none knew how to bring about.

Finally we are facing facts. The major fact is that *we must work less*.

But I think if the average wage earner or the average business man were asked *why* we must work less, the answer would be, "Because there is a depression and not enough jobs to go around." That is true, but it is only a part of the story.

We must work less as a *permanent* policy because the thing we call "the industrial revolution" has advanced so swiftly.

This machine age will not function steadily, for the benefit of all, on any other basis.

"How fine it would be," many have thought, "if only the good times of 1928-29 could be restored to us!"

Suppose that we could have a 1928-29 rate of business and industrial activity, the fifty-hour week, and the wage and price levels which prevailed. What would we find?

THE engineers and inventors have not stood still. The fight to reduce costs spurred them to greater activity. Machinery does more of the work today, man less.

If we could resume boom-time speed of production now, working the fifty-hour week, for each seven adults employed one would be without a job—permanently. Four millions would be jobless and without buying power. This unemployment total would increase rapidly with further advance in technique. These millions would constitute a burden upon those who had jobs: they would have to be supported somehow—by relatives, by charity, or through some form of government dole paid by taxation.

At improved—1933 model—machinery the Bill Smiths would produce more. In the aggregate, they were producing more before than their pay envelopes would permit them to buy, or their hours of leisure enable them to use. And it will be recalled that a surplus accumulated—and panic followed.

That cycle will be repeated again, *more swiftly*, and probably culminate in even greater disaster, if we do not make the adjustment in working hours which the advanced status of mechanical equipment makes *necessary*.

For simplification and clarity, illustrations given here have been from industry. Readers will know that the displacement of human beings by machinery has been general. Office equipment enables fewer individuals to do an equal or an increased amount of clerical work. The chain-store system has brought about an increase in volume of sales per individual employed. Our railways today could handle a postwar traffic volume with half a million fewer employees.

We must *all* work less.

Moreover, coupled with this readjustment of proportion as between labor and leisure, there must be adherence to the American policy of high wages and high salaries.

OBVIOUSLY, in the face of the present economic situation, there must be sacrifices. The response of wage earners to proposals that they work fewer hours, at the same hourly rate but for lower total income, so that more may have jobs, has been splendid.

I point out to members of our unions that the history of the labor movement shows that each reduction in hours has meant temporary wage loss. But that every general reduction has been followed by an increased production of wealth, more prosperous times, and higher wages than they have ever known before.

Today a singular and paradoxical situation has arisen. Throughout a century, union labor, liberal-minded politicians, and social-service agencies struggled for the betterment of the status of the working man and woman through improved conditions, shorter hours, and higher wages.

What reasons were used? The case was argued on grounds of health, humanity, and justice.

Today it is none of these things but grim Economics itself which dictates that we must work less and for the highest possible pay.

The huge and complicated machinery of civilization which we have created gets out of gear, becomes unmanageable, runs destructively amuck if the great mass of the population produces more things than they have income to buy or leisure to use. We have just proved that.

It is to the interest of capital—investors—to aid this reapportionment of work and maintain high wages. Consider the staggering destruction of capital values we have witnessed.

Our largest corporations would have vastly higher net worth today if, a half dozen years ago, they had paid whatever price was necessary for a readjustment downward in hours and upward in wages.

Management—including executives and the vast army of "white-collar workers"—has an equally important stake in the stability which shorter hours and high wages will promote. White-collar workers, being unorgan-

ized and without negotiated wage contracts, are always among the first to be hit by a depression. Executives, though their salaries may be \$100,000 a year, are only "hired men," and their heads fall when deficits appear, though causes may have been beyond their individual control.

Basically there is an *identical interest* on the part of investors, management, and wage earners in the general readjustment which I am convinced we are about to make.

We must all work less—and yet maintain high wages and salaries—

In order that all classes may prosper.

THE END





"WHILE YOU WERE GONE THE PRINCESS HAD ESCALA WHIPPED ALMOST TO DEATH"

Marriage Drums

Illustrations by
CHARLES DE FEO

*An Arabian-Nights Tale
of a Princess, a Slave, and
a Mountain of Gold—*

And Every Word of It True!

By JOSEPH DIXON

as told to

Captain DON WILKIE

Formerly of the U. S. Secret Service

(Reading time: 25 minutes 15 seconds.)

JOSEPH DIXON, veteran prospector and adventurer in the wilds of both hemispheres, tells in *Marriage Drums* the story of his experiences in Abyssinia during the heyday of the Emperor Menelik.

How he happened to be there was explained in the opening installment, in *Liberty* last week. Two disreputable Englishmen, Merton and Smallwood, were angling for some concession from the black emperor. They were going to present him with three cannons, old ramshackle field guns, and they hired Dixon to help them run these in to Menelik's capital, Addis Ababa. Once there, they refused to pay him until he had fired the guns for Menelik. It was dangerous, but he managed to make of it a success that won him the emperor's approval.

This was opportune, for meanwhile Dixon had come across an old crony, Louie Lamont, now retired from prospecting and settled down in Addis Ababa with a huge domineering native wife and an unquenchable thirst. Louie confided in Dixon his reasons for believing that off in Beni Shongul, the

country of the Black Arabs, there was a mountain of gold—the same, perhaps, from which the Queen of Sheba had drawn treasure. Sheik Shogoli had told Louie of it. He wanted Dixon to go searching for it, and Dixon was quite willing.

With a view to getting the necessary passport and concession, Louie took him to call on the powerful Ras Goorksa, first warning him that the ras's wife, the sister-in-law of Menelik, was the most poisonous of wantons and her many lovers all came to grief.

With the ras the two men found Merton and Smallwood, who, obviously to get Dixon away from Addis Ababa while prosecuting their own schemes there, induced their host to join them in an offer to finance him for a diamond hunt. Rather than reveal his plan to seek gold in Beni Shongul, Dixon agreed to go diamond hunting.

The ras's wife, Princess Goorksa, who had proved to be beautiful and seductive as she was reputed to be venomous, had immediately begun an open play for Dixon. She made him promise that the first diamond he found in Abyssinia should be hers.

PART TWO—ESCALA, THE SLAVE GIRL

I HAD almost to carry Louie home from the party. "Zat princess, she is wan she-devil," he kept babbling. "If she like you too much, you are good as dead. If she do not like you, zen you are worse zan dead. You are ze foolish wan.

Me, I can tame zese women."

Emmari, waiting up, beat him so unmercifully that I could still hear his yells when I reached camp.

The next morning, very early, Merton came around to my tent and woke me.

"You're a lucky dog!" he said. "Princess Goorksa has just sent a eunuch with a message. If you will call on her today she will give you a big Arabian horse. And the ras has sent a contract."

I rolled out of my blankets. "An Arabian horse? Why, man, Menelik rides a mule!"

"Let me give you some good advice. Sign this contract and get out of Addis Ababa. The ras isn't as stupid as he looks. He wants you to leave."

Of course the Englishmen were not interested in my departure!

I tried to delay signing, but Merton insisted. When I had yielded, he gave me an order on a store owned by Ydilibi, making it possible for me to obtain any provisions I might need.

I reported to Louie, and found him unusually sober. He was of the opinion that I had acted wisely.

"Zose Englishmen are afraid zat you s'row ze monkey wranch in ze machine," he said. "You go look for diamonds, and w'en you come back zey are gone. Zen we can get ze pass from Menelik and hunt ze gold. But of zis princess I am much fear."

"Do you think Merton and Smally have heard of Sheik Shogoli's gold field?" I asked.

"No, Joe; zis Shogoli talks wiz no ferangi but me. 'Ave no worry about him talking wiz zem. I keep him drunk all ze time w'ile you are away. Now go you an' see ze princess and get zat 'orse. Ze more queeck you leave Addis Ababa, ze better for you."

On my arrival at the home of the Goorksas the blackamoor on duty at the door conducted me to the princess's boudoir. She was alone except for her handmaids.

She extended both her hands at one time and I increased the ante to three kisses, at which she pursed her lips and spoke in Amharic. Then she tried the Arabic language, which I understood slightly but could not speak.

Lighting a cigarette for me and patting my hands, she spoke briefly with a servant, who vanished. Something in her attitude suggested that she had found a way to get around our difficulties in talking.

Presently the cupbearer returned, followed by a slave girl of fair complexion and even greater beauty than the princess. She was no Abyssinian, I knew. Her fine straight hair hung from her head in three plaits, two touching her rounded breasts and the other dangling down her back to her waist. She was dressed simply, wearing the flowing robe of women of her station.

The princess gave her some instructions, to which she



GABRIEL ROLLED HIS EYES TOWARD ME

listened without looking at me. Then, still keeping her eyes on her mistress, she said softly: "I know a little English, sir, and the princess wishes me to translate for you."

"That's fine," I replied, rising to offer her my chair.

The ras's wife motioned to me to remain seated. The slave girl took a stool between us.

"The princess has offered to give me a horse," I said. "I want to thank her."

The girl translated.

"The princess replies," she said, "that the horse is very beautiful." Then, hesitantly, "She says it is a beautiful horse for a beautiful man."

I leaned over from the compliment like a schooner struck broadside by a heavy sea. I had been called many things in my life, but never beautiful.



WHAT SHALL I DO, MY LADY?" THE PRINCESS THREW HERSELF BETWEEN US.

I countered: "The princess means that I am to receive a beautiful horse from a beautiful woman."

The slave girl looked at me for the first time. I thought her eyes held an expression of distaste.

"The princess says all ferangis are flatterers."

"Tell her that I am sincere," I replied. "She is very lovely, and so is her sister who translates for us."

The girl smiled. "I am only a slave."

Later, as she escorted me from the princess's room, I asked her name.

"Escala Miriam," she said.

"You're not an Abyssinian?"

"No. My father was an Englishman, a soldier captured by the Negus Theodore. My mother was an Egyptian."

"Then how is it that you are a slave?"

She explained that her father, in keeping with Abyssinian law, had become a slave when he married her mother, owned by the Goorksas. The ras had been very fond of him.

Louie was much disturbed when I told him of my interest in the slave girl.

"Listen, my fran'. Zis Escala is not for you," he said.

"Only wan sing could be worse zan 'aving ze princess love you. Zat is to love zis slave. And w're is zat 'orse?"

"The princess will send it to me just before I leave."

"Ah, so! Ze smart wan keep you waiting. We split a bottle. You forget zese women. Zat she-devil will kill you before she let you have zat Escala. She 'ave been offer fortunes for zat girl. Ze Dejasmach Hume of Gojam 'ave offer twenty-five slaves and one hundred cattle for Escala. Now I take you to engage ze boys and get ze mules for ze expedition."



I decided that three boys would be enough, and picked a big Abyssinian named Tafara, who had once worked for an Amer-

ican hunter. He spoke Arabic, Galla, and enough English to act as my interpreter. A Mohammedan, Said by name, was my second choice.

An Abyssinian of great stature approached us and evidenced a desire to join the party.

"He say zat his name is Waldegorgis and zat he know ze country sout' of Addis Ababa," Louie explained. "He look like wan strong fellow. You give him ze try, yes?"

So Waldegorgis was taken on at the usual terms, four Maria Theresa dollars a month. He seemed greatly pleased. The Negadrassé Illagorgis had already sent four sturdy mules to my camp. Ydilibi supplied the provisions.

All of my backers and several provincial shumes were at the Goorksa home that night when I arrived. I went straight to the princess, who lolled beside a fountain with Escala sitting at her feet. I saluted her in the customary fashion, then took the slave girl's hand and lifted it to my lips.

Escala blushed and pulled away. The other maids tittered. The princess's lips curled disdainfully.

"Well, captain, how goes it?" asked Merton.

"Topping," I said. "I'll be ready to pull out tomorrow."

"You've lost no time."

I grinned. "Now that you've made it possible for me to leave, you might tell me where I'm going. And what about a passport?"

"We've decided that the most likely country lies south of Zukala. Natives have sometimes found small diamonds there. As the ras rules that region he can give you a pass without going to Menelik about it."

Goorksa promptly drew up the necessary passport and sealed it. The visiting shumes, underlings of the ras, assured me that the expedition would be provided with food and forage in their villages.

I offered no objection to the arrangements, for I cared little where I went. I was already planning to be back in Addis Ababa in six or eight weeks.

OUR business concluded, the household slaves brought in a great number of native dishes and placed them on a table. We were invited to help ourselves. Through Escala the princess asked me to bring her a glass of wine. I placed two glasses and a decanter on a tray and served her, pouring the extra glass for the slave girl, who refused it.

Merton laughed. "Dixon will be running away with the ras's wife and her maid to start a harem."

"Quite so," echoed Smally.

The Negadrassé Illagorgis leaned over the princess, taking her attention for the moment.

"Do you know that the wife of the ras has fallen in love with you?" Escala asked me, avoiding my eyes.

"Impossible. She wants only diamonds."

"You do not know her. She thinks all men should love her. If she knew we were talking about her she would have me whipped."

My stolen chat with the slave girl ended there, the party breaking up. I waited until the other guests had taken leave of the hostess, then kissed her hand, saying to Escala:

"This kiss is for the one who translates the princess's

words. I want to see you again. Now tell your mistress that I will return before I leave Addis Ababa."

Escala, paling, spoke to the ras's wife, then turned again to me.

"You make," she said—paused and started over: "You make the princess very happy."

I walked out into the moonlight. The gebe was a magic city, the spear-armed escaris of the night patrols figures from a romantic dream. The eucalypti, giant sycamores, and Natal pines rose in silhouette around the walls and on the plain below.

A night thrush warbled. From a neighboring house came a throb of drums and the plaintive notes of a lute.

Then I was passing through the shadow of the lions' compound. I could hear them gnawing something.

The next day the princess's stable keeper rode down from the gebe to my tent. He was leading the finest Arabian horse I had ever seen.

He said his mistress expected me to return with him, that she might see how I looked mounted.

"Wan day you get ze 'orse," Louie mourned. "Zen wan day ze lions get you, *hein*?"

The princess's man galloped away, swinging his whip at every native within striking distance. Following him, I let the Arabian walk and tried to accustom myself to the high-pommeled Abyssinian saddle.

THE ras's wife, accompanied by Escala, her handmaids, and soldiers, met me at the gate of the gebe. Commanding me to remain in the saddle, she surveyed me from several angles. I resented her proprietary air.

When at last she permitted me to dismount I was hating myself for my acceptance of her favors.

"The princess seems to think that she owns me now," I told Escala. "I took the horse only because I dare not offend her. This kiss is for you."

The slave girl did not begin translating at once and her mistress looked at her suspiciously.

"Tell her something—tell her I think the great Menelik would be proud to ride such a horse."

Escala must have translated my last words literally. I heard her mention Menelik's name, at which the princess laughed sharply. It was no secret that she and her sister, Taitu, disliked the Negus.

"You will come with us to the house," Escala said. "My mistress wishes to talk with you once more before you leave."

Leaving the horse in the hands of a soldier, I walked with the women past the lions' compound. Some of the brutes were roaring. The princess, nodding toward the spiked walls, spoke to Escala, and then showed her teeth in a smile of malice when the slave girl trembled violently.

"My mistress wishes you to know that it is good that the lions may be heard," the little interpreter said, after a pause. "She says it reminds the slaves that they must not run away."

"Your mistress is a beast," I answered.

"Do not speak so," Escala warned, then turned my words into some silly compliment in the Amharic.

Once in the lounging room, the ras's wife dismissed all her servants except Escala. Drawing me down beside her on the divan, she sat holding my hands while she asked questions and praised my appearance.

I looked into her eyes and made love to the slave girl at our feet.

"I'm coming back some day to take you away," I told Escala.

"The princess will not sell me," she replied quickly; then interpreted my words as meaning that I would visit the Goorksas at their summer home on Lake Tsana.

"I've heard that your mistress whips you. Why does she punish one so sweet and gentle?"

Inventing a question for the princess's ears, the girl

bowed her head. "It is her pleasure. She will not sell me because she is so fond of me, she says. Sometimes she is very kind, and then she whips me."

The decadence of the ras's wife had fascinated me in some measure until that moment. Now I understood that her passions were those of a moral maniac, satiable only through torture.

"My mistress says that when you come back she will make you chief of the ras's bodyguards," Escala translated. "She will have you presented in court and later you will become a great power in Abyssinia."

Looking up, I found that the Princess Goorksa was studying my face with strange intensity.

"Do I understand that she will make me Negus?" I tried to smile.

The answer came back, fiercely from the princess, haltingly from the slave girl. "Even that is not impossible, if the woman loves and the man is not afraid."

I chilled at the suggestion of murder in the words.

"Tell her the man is not afraid," I said, and knew that she would not understand my real meaning.

Escala translated, and the princess laughed and took an emerald ring from one of her fingers.

I accepted the pledge. "I'll keep it always—and think only of the little interpreter. If she will tell me that she loves me, I'll put the ring on now as a token that I love her."

Escala rose from her stool and faced me, a strange light in her eyes. "I am ready, sir, to be your slave."

That was rather more than I had expected. I slipped the gem-studded band over my little finger, laughing.

On the whole, my Arabian-Nights adventure had pleased me. Not many men could say that they had courted a princess and her slave at the same time.

Though I had planned on an absence of not more than two months, it was five months later when the Princess Goorksa's eunuch again bowed me into her reception hall.

I had visited the country far south of Zukala, following trails on which no white man had put foot in centuries, if ever before. Deep cañons and towering peaks, sometimes making detours of fifty miles necessary, had impeded the progress of the expedition in that direction. Weary as my boys and animals, I had finally turned back.

To be sure, I had had many strange experiences. Beyond Karkee, my head boy, Tafara, and I had pulled a drowning man from a creek flooded by a cloudburst. He had turned out to be Markossen, the *abuna* or abbot of a Coptic monastery atop the extinct volcano, Mount Zukala. Later, with my muleteers, I had been a guest of the religious community.

To the ostensible object of the long trek I had given no great effort, devoting much of my time to a study of the country and the Amharic language, which I now spoke fluently. I had found no trace of gold and only one diamond, a white stone of about eight carats.

LOUIE and one of Menelik's shumes had met me outside Addis Ababa. Spies reporting my approach, the Negus had commanded that I appear at the palace.

As Merton and Smally, successful in the acquisition of a huge rubber concession—their real mission in Abyssinia—were gone, I had turned my audience with the Negus to my advantage, pressing him for a pass to Beni Shongul. The diamond I had exhibited to him as evidence of the mineral wealth of his country.

"It would please me to present it to your Majesty, the Negus Negust," I had said.

"Then why not do so?"

"But I promised it"—stammering—"promised it to the Princess Goorksa."

The Negus had laughed. "I understand perfectly. My vassal's wife is much interested in the ferangi. Well, you may give the stone to her. Like my empress, Taitu, the princess is always conspiring against the throne.

But her intrigues are more costly to her than alarming to me. I do not doubt that I will have the diamond some day.

Remember, ferangi, all things come to me—finally."

With this significant admonition Menelik had turned to the afa-negus, his official spokesman, and through him made a formal announcement that I would shortly receive a pass to the Black Arab country.

So now I had called on the Goorksas to give an accounting of the diamond hunt. Through Louie, the ras had just received a shipment of champagne. Half the nobles of the gebe were helping him to sample it.

I noticed among the guests the Assyrian merchant Ydilibi, and the Negadrasse Illagorgis, who looked none too pleased when our eyes met. The princess was ensconced as usual on a rug-laden couch. Two maids attended her, neither of them Escala Miriam.

"What has become of Escala?" I asked Louie.

HE pinched my arm. "Now begin ze damn' foolishness again. W'y you not get drunk and forget zese women like me, hein?"

The Princess Goorksa half-rose to greet me.

"Madam, I am happy to be your guest again," I murmured in English over her hand.

"Why do you speak English?" she questioned in her native tongue. "I have heard that you know Amharic now."

I had hoped to conceal my knowledge of her language and so make it necessary for her to call in Escala. Apparently her spies had told her all my doings.

"I thought I would surprise you," I said in Amharic.

"Come," she coaxed, giving my hand a squeeze. "I have not heard of your discoveries."

"I made only one discovery."

She arched her heavy eyebrows. "And that?"

"A single diamond. Where is the slave girl Escala? I do not see her."

The princess narrowed her eyes. "Escala only translates when my guests do not speak Amharic."

"I am very fond of the child," I said boldly. "She is of ferangi blood, you know."

"Ah!" She drew a breath as though stabbed. "And that makes a slave better than a noble of purest Abyssinian strain?"

For a moment I was glad that I had hurt her, unintentional as the wound had been.

"Do you mean, Captain Dixon, that you love this slave girl?" she questioned again, after a silence.

I had put the same question to myself without finding an answer.

"Beautiful women and jewels—I like to hunt them and look at them, but I have never been much attached to either," I replied evasively. "See, here is the diamond I promised you."

The princess took the stone eagerly, her eyes lighting with the greed that underlay all her thoughts and actions. She turned it over, touching it with painted finger nails. In spite of its size and color she was all too plainly disappointed. I knew she had dreamed of receiving something that would stand alone among the gems of the empire.

"I will detain you no longer." She held out her hand to me to kiss. "But if you come tomorrow I shall have a surprise for you. Do not bring that odious friend of yours, the wine seller."

She turned to the ras and handed him the diamond,



then swept from the room in her haughtiest manner. The ras passed the stone around. No one seemed interested in it.

"A small return for months of hardship," said Ydilibi. "In view of the return of the Englishmen to their country, I suppose everyone is willing to terminate the agreement."

Goorksa nodded. "I do not care to invest in another such venture. I suggest that we give the ferangi the mules and gear. And I'm sure that if he wishes this diamond the princess will release him from his promise."

I accepted their offer of the animals and equipment, but refused the stone, feeling that without it I had the better of the bargain. The contracts were destroyed.

It was midnight when I reached my tent, but Tafara was still awake. He asked many questions. Was I comfortable? Did I want anything to eat or drink? Did I like the Princess Goorksa? It was apparent he wanted to tell me something but feared it would offend me.

"What is it, boy?" I asked impatiently.

"Geta [master]," he said, "I like you and I want to tell you something. While you were gone a retainer of the Princess Goorksa—Inga, the *Can Yas Murch* [overseer of slaves]—came here to spy on us. I told him nothing, but he talked much. The *Can Yas Murch* said the princess was so anxious for you to return from the trail that she let no one in the house rest. She is an evil woman and will harm you."

"Nonsense," I said.

"No, geta, it is all true. Why, geta, while you were gone the princess had the slave girl Escala whipped almost to death because she thought this girl loved you. Escala was her favorite slave, too. See, geta, now this girl cannot enter her house. She stays in the compound and will be sold or killed."

"You are lying, Tafara!" I cried. "The princess would not dare kill Escala!"

"Geta does not know the laws of this country. The girl belongs to the princess and she can do what she wants with her."

Blaming myself for whatever abuse Escala was suffering or would suffer, I pitied her the more. I resolved to help her, though it meant the collapse of the Beni Shongul expedition plans.

There was hardly a chance that I could steal her and smuggle her out of the country. I could report the case to a British consul, the girl being part English, but where would I find a consul? I could appeal to Menelik, but the Negus had never been known to interfere with the ancient laws and customs of his people.

It seemed equally illogical to suppose that I could intercede for her with any degree of success when I visited the Princess Goorksa. Yet it was upon this last course of action that I decided.

I HAD breakfast with Louie the next morning, munching injara between sips of strong mocha, native grown and flavored with arak. I wanted to take him into my confidence and ask his advice, but every time I got around to the point of speaking of Escala he started jabbering about Beni Shongul and gold.

We had finished our coffee and Louie was looking around for another bottle of arak when one of Menelik's shumes strode into the hut and presented the compliments of the Negus and an order for Louie to come alone to the gebe for an audience.

"Ze passport is ready!" Louie danced around excitedly. "W'y don't you look like you are please', *hein*? Is it zat princess who 'ave poison' you wiz love potions? Hell-devil-damn!"

He pirouetted out of the door, the tail of his old Prince Albert rising like a ballet dancer's skirt. I gave him a good start, then followed to the gebe. The princess would not yet be expecting me, I thought; but on being admitted by the butler eunuch I found her sitting close to the door.

I started, for the surprise of which she had spoken was very real.

Moved, perhaps, by my words about Escala's ferangi blood, the ras's wife had arrayed herself in Parisian clothes of the latest mode. From boots to coiffure she had overlooked nothing.

A single dinner ring and a string of small pearls had supplanted her barbaric display of jewelry, a European easy-chair her divan.

In any salon of the capitals of the white world she would have been accepted as a lady of great beauty and culture. I wondered whether the metamorphosis was wholly external.

Making no bid for unusual courtesies, she welcomed me warmly as an old friend, then plunged into a discussion of my next trip, of which she had already heard. Again and again she offered her assistance, speaking of possible loans but never of gifts.

I was mystified, abashed even. Though I had told myself many times just how I would demand that she produce Escala and pledge herself against harming the slave girl, I could think of nothing to say now.

Perhaps Tafara's story of the flogging of the little Anglo-Egyptian had had no foundation in anything but the malicious gossip of servants.

THE Princess Goorksa had urged wine on me from the moment of my arrival. Now it seemed the eunuch, whose name I had learned was Gabriel, could not fill our glasses often enough. We drank, smoked, drank again.

She leaned sidewise toward me, hitching her chair always a little closer to mine. Her eyes drooped, brightened, accused, invited, dared.

I no longer thought of her as anything but a beautiful woman, very friendly. The touch of her hands thrilled me. I felt the weight of her head on my shoulder, the warmth of her temple on my cheek.

Louie Lamont, Menelik's passport, and the gold of Beni Shongul no longer mattered. Louie was a fool, the Negus's permission a leave to commit suicide in the wastes of an unexplored land, and the riches of the Black Arabs the dream of a doddering exile.

Gold—and fun—were where you found them.

"Ferangi," the princess cried, "I love you! I must tell you. Tell me that you love me."

She threw her arms around my neck and the whole weight of her lithe body against mine. My wineglass crashed on the floor. Gabriel came over and picked it up, looking at us with supreme indifference.

But the presence of the monstrous black broke the spell in which the princess had held me. I lifted her arms from my shoulders and pushed her hands away.

"I am neither drunk nor in love with you, princess," I told her, trying to be gentle but only succeeding in making my voice sound cold and flat. "I came to say good-by and to ask—"

"You dog! You dog of a ferangi!" She sprang from her chair with the fury of a wounded tigress. "You insult me, do you? You take all and give nothing? You would ask me—what? To see that white-faced slave of mine? You came to see her! You love her!"

I had risen but was too stupefied to speak. The princess struck a gong, and while its ominous note still reverberated through the house the eunuch and Inga, the *Can Yas Murch*, appeared. Their mistress faced them, the foam of epilepsy on her lips.

Gabriel looked first at his mistress, then rolled his eyes toward me. "What shall I do, my lady?"

The princess threw herself between us as the eunuch unsheathed his *goradi* with a flick of his wrist.

"No, Gabriel—not yet. You, *Can Yas Murch*, bring me the slave Escala Miriam. Hurry! Bring her to me here. You will see her, ferangi. And you may say good-by, for good-by it shall be."

I stood frozen in my tracks when the *Can Yas Murch* returned, dragging Escala. Jerking one of her arms, he spun her into the center of the room.

The upshot of this terrible situation is amazing. When Dixon sets out for the country of the Black Arabs, the princess actually sends the slave girl after him, to accompany him—having freed her, as Escala understands it, that she may be his. Anxiously do Dixon's native servants warn him that the princess is treacherous. One of them suggests a solemn precaution against her vengeance. And then?

Read next week's installment of Marriage Drums!

“Keeping slim...means keeping our contracts” explain JOAN BLONDELL and WARREN WILLIAM



Enjoying the “Hollywood Lunch” on the set between the scenes of “Goodbye Again”—the new Warner Brothers production.

How the famous “Hollywood Lunch” has helped stars “keep fit without fat!”

EXCESS WEIGHT carries a terrible price in Hollywood! It can mean not only loss of public popularity, but a *cancelled contract*, too. Is it any wonder screen stars become practical dieticians?

They *know* menus! And they eat the foods that build energy, and shun the dishes that *add flesh*.

Heavy lunches are out!

Visit any studio around noontime. You'll see few stars indulging in a heavy, fattening meal. Stars need pep—not pounds—for the afternoon grind. And they get it with what has become famous in moviedom as the “Hollywood Lunch!”

Here, for example, we see Warren William and Joan Blondell, catching a meal at the Warner-First National studio

between shots of their new picture “Goodbye Again.” What are they lunching on? Just this . . . *a sandwich and a glass of malted milk!*

Keep fit with “Hollywood Lunch”

If you want to keep fit, pass up the heavy lunches. Instead, order a sandwich and the grandest tasting malted milk you ever drank—Borden's Malted Milk!

Why Borden's is better

Borden's is better because it's richer.

Richer in nourishment and energy-building values. Richer in vitamins A, B, and G. And infinitely better-tasting, because every attendant at a soda fountain serving Borden's is instructed, by Borden, how to mix the *perfect malted milk!*

Have your first “Hollywood Lunch” tomorrow. Note how delicious it is—and how satisfying!

And remember—you can also buy Borden's Malted Milk in handy glass jars for home use.



KEEP FIT with the “HOLLYWOOD LUNCH”

... A SANDWICH ... AND A GLASS OF

Borden's Richer Malted Milk

GO TO THE FOUNTAIN THAT DISPLAYS THE BORDEN DIAMOND



(Reading time: 12 minutes 6 seconds.)

A BOW FROM THE AUTHOR

WITHOUT assistance no one man could have written so monumental a work as this Outline of Love. Much valuable help was given to me by Dean William Emmish, proctor of Lawford University, and by the Hon. William Doubloon, the proctor of Procter & Gamble, makers of excellent soap.

I am indebted, too, to Mr. Walter Winchell for his kind encouragement; and to Mr. Reginald Denny for his nifty performance in the Western company of Blessed Event.

The writer would positively be a skunk if he didn't acknowledge his debt to The Life and Loves of Colonel Harpo Marx, by the Colonel himself; the underwear ads of Best & Co.; the Sunday editions of the New York Morning Gazette; and Miss Phyllis Wiekowski, the chambermaid of the Mansion House in Jacksonville, Florida.

I must thank, also, the editors of the Encyclopædia Britannica for their admirable volume, Remo to Sog; the publisher of La Vie Parisienne; the dandy little nudists' colony in New Hampshire; and the subscription salesman for Ainslee's Magazine, for without his persistence I should never have gotten the Encyclopædia.

I got no little assistance from O. O. McIntyre's Thoughts While Strolling; H. G. Wells's Outline of History; the monthly statement of the Silver Rod Cigar Stores (as of June 15).

But my main source of information was the filthy post cards I picked up on the side streets of Paris.

B E G I N The Outline

*A Scientific
Treatise from Which
You Will Derive No
Benefit Whatever*

THE BEGINNING

MILLIONS of years ago Love ran wild on this spinning globe of ours. Men were slimy creatures resembling a louse or the fellow your wife almost married. They were called Amœba—until they got money, when they changed their name to Irving.

To be frank—and you *do* want me to be frank, don't you?—there was almost nothing lovable about the early Amœba (Irving). They had no small talk; their figures were certainly not attractive; and they didn't have a nickel.

In fact, they lacked even spines, arms, legs, teeth, and eyes. But they *had* Love.

It was, of course, fortunate that the Amœba (Irving) couldn't see; because if he had been able to take one look at his mate the affair would have pfttt* and our earth would now be as uninhabited as your local Bijou Theater during the Wednesday matinées.

This is not to suggest that the Amœba (Irving) was thinking of the future. His little mind was on nothing but his mate, whom he would meet under a stone . . .

*** (Asterisks)

You know what the asterisks mean as well as I do, so don't get coy with me. If you'd only stop leering and remember that this is a book of science, we could cut the reading time of this installment from twelve minutes to nine.

As I say, the earliest men and women used to meet under a stone, which undoubtedly explains why their era was known as the Stone Age. (See Professor H. M. Maring's Precious Stones; or, The Life of Fred and Dorothy.)

We will not devote much space to the Amœbolithic Age, because the Amœba (Irving) contributed almost nothing to the development of Love—unless you want to consider that trivial song, Amœba Wrong, But I Think You're Wonderful.

It was not until the Oyster, which came immediately after the Amœba and right before the soup, that a touch of refinement was given to the tender relationship between the sexes. The male Oyster was born with an instinctive understanding of feminine nature. He knew that if you wanted to get anywhere with a lady Oyster you had to bring her gifts. So he hit upon the idea of making pearls. This was not the only ingenious thing the Oyster ever did: for even today Oysters make excellent stew, cocktails, and soufflés.

But don't misunderstand me. The Oyster of today is not the Oyster of fifteen million years ago—unless by

* Obsolete Times Square adverb meaning "pfttt."

NUTTING — of Love

By GROUCHO
MARX

President of Nutleigh University and
Vice President of the Baltimore Dairy Lunch Club

Caricatures by PADEREWSKI

any chance you happen to eat at Joe's De Luxe Sea Food Grotto when he's short on ketchup. And then they only *taste* the same.

For, although the early Oyster (*Oysterolithic Man*) led a full Love life and birth control was comparatively unknown, he died out thousands of years ago. Why? Because the foolish Oyster, idling away in the Oyster bed, was an easy prey for more powerful living things. At that time he had no protecting shell or armor to defend himself from (to name only one foe) the Salmon, which was hostile and very cunning. The Salmon, as you know, hides in tin cans and comes out only on Sunday evenings when your relatives pop in unexpectedly for supper. The canned Salmon is, of course, notoriously undersexed, and yet it has managed to survive. It is found in all ages and all good delicatessens, and is very nice with tomatoes and chopped onions, but I *still* prefer marinated herring.

To digress,* I must point out that anthropologists fail to tell us how the earliest man learned the Facts of Love. My own deductions are that the Amoeba (Irving) and the Oyster got their knowledge, just as you did, from the stories of flowers and their pollens.

But I am not a student of plant life. The only plant I know is the one Phil Baker has in his box at the Palace Theater, and *his* Love life is not of sufficient importance to include in a work of this kind.

At any rate, after the plant life came the animal life; then the Mutual Life; then the New York Life, and then the agent—telephoning you that your insurance had run out.

This is known as a lapse; there are twenty-eight to a mile, and none of them is worth sitting on.

We now leave the Oysterolithic Age, and no one is happier than I am.

THE CAVE MAN

FIFTY-TWO thousand years had gone by—a mere flash in the unfathomable thing called eternity . . . Eternity! Its vast endlessness is difficult for the imagination to comprehend, but I think I can make the whole thing clear. Take, for example, the distance between the sun and the earth. Or, better still, take any number from one to ten. Double it. Add twelve. Subtract your original number. Is the answer nine? Of course it is!

Now, if you multiply that nine by millions of light years, you get some conception of how important Love later became to the hairy brute (*Homo cavus*) sitting on a mossy rock outside his cave, wondering when the depression would end.

Man had now acquired arms, legs, spines, and eyes.

* Editor's request: Please keep off digress.





THEY ALL WELCOMED JIM IN A FOURSOME BUT NOBODY LIKED TO FOLLOW HIM IN THE SHOWER

HE was one of those men everybody liked. But he was thoughtless.

Wherever he walked barefoot he spread a stealthy infection, and those who followed in his footsteps were likely to develop that unpleasant and often serious skin disease known as "Athlete's Foot."

Danger signals—watch for them Use Absorbine Jr.

You may have the first symptoms of "Athlete's Foot" and not know what it is. Examine the skin between your toes. Moist, red skin, itching cracks, dead-white peeling skin—all these symptoms call for immediate application of Absorbine Jr., morning and night.

Laboratory and clinical tests demonstrate that Absorbine Jr. quickly kills the germ of "Athlete's Foot" when reached.

But don't stop when you get relief. Avoid the constant risk of re-infection. In hotel bathrooms, in showers and locker-rooms—even in your own spotless bathroom, this hardy germ lurks and attacks bare feet. Even your socks must be *boiled* 15 minutes to kill this germ. *Keep on using Absorbine Jr. as a wise precaution.*

Don't try to curb
"ATHLETE'S FOOT"
with cheap substitutes
Delays can be dangerous

Absorbine Jr. at all druggists, \$1.25. For free sample, write W. F. Young, Inc., 330 Lyman St., Springfield, Mass. In Canada: Lyman Bldg., Montreal.

ABSORBINE JR.

For years has relieved sore muscles, bruises, aches, burns, cuts, sprains, abrasions, insomnia

His chin had begun to recede, a beard covered his face, and he was now ready to apply for membership in the Union League Club. (Although the club had not yet been built, there were already members sitting in the windows—no doubt waiting for the club building to be put up.)

In spite of his beard, the early cave man had the mentality of a child; and it was only by instinct, rather than by reason, that he could detect one sex from the other. He could tell a woman from a man, but he couldn't tell *why*. This primitive ignorance was *very* embarrassing to the *Homo cavus*. One rather advanced brute—Emig Bik—made a discovery. As he stood in front of his cave all day long, watching people come and go, the explanation dawned on him. The ones who wore skirts were women; the ones who wore pants were men!

From then on life was considerably simpler. The cave man stopped walking on all fours, because the same Emig Bik pointed out that if you walked on your feet you needed only one pair of shoes instead of two.

Of course the Shoe Manufacturers Association filed a protest, but nothing was ever done about it.

Life *was* simpler, and yet it still remained confusing, hazardous, disturbing. All the elements of nature terrified the cave man. He shook with fear at the sight of lightning. And when thunder roared he blamed it on the gods and wished that he could write, so he could write a letter to the London Times—if there had been a London Times. In those days the London Times was a restaurant called the Brooklyn Pig and Whistle, and Niagara Falls was a little thing not much bigger than a shower bath.

LOVE IS DISCOVERED

THE early cave man (*Porgie amok*) was sullen and fearful on stormy days. When it rained he remained in his cave instead of going out to kill bears, deer, and dinosauri. To be sure, he was *dressed* to kill, but the wind howled and the rain poured, and the primitive man was afraid.

In his cave he found nothing but boredom. He had not yet learned to talk to his mate. And Love—human Love—was something he knew nothing about. (Children were not discovered until the following year.) So the cave man and his mate sulked and growled while they waited for the rain to cease.

They waited *three* days—then a week. But the storm's fury continued and there was no more food in the cave. The primitive man was hungry, and so was his wife, who said nothing—chiefly because there was no language at the time.

The brute man glowered at his wife.

If the rain didn't end pretty soon he would be compelled to eat her—and she knew it. She grunted, which was her way of letting him know that she hoped he'd find something else to eat. . . . But the rain went on and on. . . . The time had come. With a savage growl, the brute man leaped for his wife and started

to bite her shoulder. As he did this, his paw touched the woman's flesh.

The touch of her gave him a strange, exhilarating sensation. He bit her again—this time more tenderly. His hand strayed through her tresses, and his soul tingled. Then instinctively he threw his gnarled, apelike arms around her soft white shoulders, and felt his body pulsating against hers. She, too, felt and was astonished by this amazing new sensation. Their bosoms heaved;

there was ecstasy in their embrace as they panted out what to you would be mere guttural grunts but what to these primitive people were the first sweet sounds of Love. . . . I could go on like this for pages and pages, eager reader, but I too am only flesh and blood and I've got to keep my mind on my work.

And so eventually the storm came to an end, and the early brute man was sad. He didn't want to go out. While his neighbors were roaming the field in search of food, he stood at the edge of his cave, hopefully peering at the skies for the first sign of rain. He wanted to tell his friends how the rain had brought Love into his cave, but there was no common language. There was, in fact, no language at all—only grunts, which meant: "How are you?" "I'm fine. How are you?" "Can't complain. Say, you look very well with the hair on your chest bobbed." "Glad to hear you say that. The wife thinks I look like a dude."

So with silent eagerness Porgie waited for rain; for Love was gnawing at his heart. On one afternoon the clouds in the distance told him it was going to rain in the valley thirty miles away. And he started in this

Next Week—

BEGINNING

The Web of the RED SPIDER

By

George Sylvester Viereck

A sensational exposé, based on authentic documents, of the secret schemes by which Communism reaches out to entangle the world

Also stories and articles by
Beatrice Grimshaw, Arthur Garfield Hays, Jackson V. Scholz, Groucho Marx, Ray Cummings, Helen Hull Jacobs, and others

direction as fast as his squat legs could carry him. In his wife's opinion he was going hunting, and in a way she was right.

After running till nightfall, Porgie reached the valley, where, surely enough, it was raining. His heart sang as he entered a cave and found a woman alone.

The discovery of Love spread like wildfire. Porgie became known as the Great Lover who stayed at home waiting for rain. He waited, also, for the invention of a language, so he could tell The Boys about his amorous exploits. If there had been words, he could have composed a little poem (later to be written) about himself:

Orgy Porgie,
Pumpkin pie;
Kissed the girls
And made 'em cry.

But there were no words. And there was no rain!

Once it looked as though the skies were about to weep, and Porgie made Love. And Love made of Porgie a prophet once more. For it didn't rain, and Porgie had discovered that the mating season is not dependent on the sun, the clouds, or the rain. The mating season opened (then, as now) on Jan. 1, and ended on Dec. 31.

A year had passed. A little brute was sitting in the corner of Porgie's cave, sharpening a rock on his feet. He was called Johnny Weissmuller. And the cave man and the cave woman grunted. In their simple way they were content. They didn't know that a new civilization was springing up in the Far North.

THE GLACIAL AGE

WITH the Glacial Age (between 45 and 70 among the Latin peoples) we need not concern ourselves for long. It has been called an age of frigidity among the sexes, but this is probably an inaccuracy.

All in all, there was little to interest the Glaciolithic man. Around him there was nothing but ice, which was obviously worthless without mineral water or ginger ale. And it was no uncommon occurrence for him to return home and find his mate a chunk of human ice.

Women, too, came home to find their husbands icy; and the task of warming them was a tedious one, and far from an incentive to Love. Professor H. M. S. Wimpble tells us of a Glaciolithic woman who, on entering her igloo, found her mate frozen in the arms of another woman. After heating them back into consciousness she said to her husband:

"Who was that lady I thawed you with?"

What his reply was is not on record, because Joe Miller had not yet been born.

All in all, it was a most unpleasant age, and we've given too much space to it already.

Next installment: Love in the Dark Ages.



Thin? New way adds firm flesh *amazingly quick!*

New discovery brings astonishing gains. Imported beer yeast, richest known, now concentrated 7 times and combined with iron. Adds 5 to 15 lbs. in a few weeks.

HERE'S the last word in scientific weight-building! An amazing new discovery that is quickly rounding out scrawny arms and legs, flat chests, hollow cheeks and bony shoulders for thousands.

Everybody knows that for years doctors prescribed yeast for skinny, rundown men and women who wanted to put on flesh. But now with this new scientific discovery you can get even better results—put on firmer flesh than with ordinary yeast—and in a far shorter time.

Not only are thousands gaining pounds of solid beauty-bringing flesh in a few weeks—but other benefits as well. Muddy, blemished skin changes to a fresh, radiantly clear complexion. Constipation, poor appetite, lack of pep and energy quickly vanish. Life becomes a thrilling adventure.

Concentrated 7 times

This amazing new product, called Ironized Yeast, is in pleasant tablet form. It is made from specially cultured, imported beer yeast—the richest yeast ever known—which through a new process has been concentrated 7 times—made 7 times more powerful.

But that is not all! This marvelous, health-building yeast concentrate is then *ironized*—scientifically combined with three special kinds of iron which strengthen and enrich the blood—add abounding new energy and pep.

Watch the change

Day after day, as you take Ironized Yeast, you'll see ugly, gawky angles fill out. Hollow chests develop and pipe-stem arms and legs

round out pleasingly. And along with that firm, attractive, long-desired flesh will come a radiantly clear complexion—glorious freedom from digestion troubles—new, surging vitality, new self-confidence.

Skininess dangerous

Authorities warn that skinny, anemic, nervous people are far more liable to serious infections and fatal wasting diseases than the strong, well-built person. So begin at once to get back the rich blood and healthy flesh you need. *Do it before it is too late.*

Results guaranteed

No matter how skinny and weak you may be, or how long you have been that way, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands of others. So successful has it been in even hopeless cases that it is sold under an absolute money-back guarantee. If you are not more than delighted with the results of the very first package, your money instantly and gladly refunded.

Only be sure you get *genuine* Ironized Yeast, and not some imitation that cannot give the same results. Insist on the *genuine*, with "IY" stamped on each tablet.

Special FREE offer!

To start you building up your health *right away*, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body", by a well-known authority. Remember, results are guaranteed with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Dept. 26, Atlanta, Ga.

14 Lbs. in 2 Weeks

"Before taking Ironized Yeast I was skinny, weak, my skin muddy. In 2 weeks I gained 14 lbs. and my skin cleared." *Maria Jacovielle, Bronx, N. Y.*

22 Lbs. in 2 Months

"I have gained 22 lbs. in 2 months with Ironized Yeast. Now in perfect health." *F. R. Bowers, Winemucca, Nev.*

29 Lbs. in 6 Weeks

"Ironized Yeast gave me pep. I gained 29 lbs. in 6 weeks." *Anna Stumbras, De Soto, Ill.*



"She got the king to perform the ceremony."



"Mimi locked me in."

Matrimony Moderne

(Reading time:
27 minutes 45 seconds.)

MIMI was my wife's best friend, but please don't think I'm prejudiced against her. Mimi was a cute kid, very bright and very modern. The only serious fault I ever found with her was that she had an extremely exhausting personality. Even my wife admits that two hours with Mimi left her a bit dazed and fumbling for headache tablets. She was so confoundedly enthusiastic! She had big brown enthusiastic eyes; a quick, excited enthusiastic voice. She hurled herself enthusiastically through life. Nothing was ever "quite good" or "pretty bad" to Mimi. Things were either "divinely, ecstatically marvelous" or "simply, unutterably lousy." She always rushed up to you as if you were a four-alarm fire. You never thought of her without mentally adding an exclamation point. Mimi Peyral!

Mimi fell in love on the eighteenth day of September two years ago. I'll never forget the date. That was the day the sun stood still, a million stars fell, the world reeled and staggered on, and hyperbolic adjectives crashed on my head for hours. When it was over, and Mimi had rushed out in a swirl of skirts to tell the rest of the city, I looked at my wife.

"It would appear," I said cautiously, "that Mimi rather likes John McIlwain."

My wife's unsteady breathing warned me.

"Don't be so cynical!" she said. "I think it's sweet! They'll make a darling couple!"

I said nothing sympathetically. Mimi's effervescence produced a mild idiocy similar to a champagne jag. For the moment, my wife was quite willing to believe that *le bon Dieu* had attained His masterpiece in John McIlwain and had sent John McIlwain to our Middle Western city for the express purpose of having him meet Mimi. It would be at least an hour before gobs of star dust and fragments of rainbows stopped falling.

Now, don't get me wrong. I'm strong for marriage as an institution. I knew it was inevitable that Mimi would fall, red head over French heels, in love with some poor devil. But I didn't see why she had to pick John McIlwain. John was no enthusiast about anything. He was a well built, good-looking youngster with an easy-going shagginess about him. He liked tweed suits; let his hair go a bit too long without the attentions of a barber; was fond of sucking meditatively on rough-brier pipes. He worked for the Hildreth Advertising Company and was rated an able, conscientious, if not brilliant copy writer. He had a room at Mrs. Bowen's house on Prospect Avenue in our suburb and moved in what we are pleased to call the best circles of Southmoor Park.

Shyness and slowness were John's dominant characteristics. His idea of a good time was to carry several books on economics out to the river and lie about in swimming trunks, taking a sun bath and reading. His worst fault was a tendency to hypochondria. He worried about his health, which was practically perfect. All in all he was the last man a sensible observer would choose for Mimi's husband.

However, Mimi had announced herself to be in love with John McIlwain, and immediately all her married friends entered a tacit conspiracy to promote a prompt wedding. Southmoor Park does not believe in long engagements. We had John and Mimi out to our house for dinner. My wife doesn't think I ought to put it this way—but it was like entertaining an amiable St. Bernard and a very blond Pomeranian on the verge of hysteria. Mimi romped and enthused and babbled, while John sat back and stared at her in delighted fascination.



"She wants me to write."

The Story of a Match that Flickered But Wouldn't Go Out

By

FREDERICK
HAZLITT
BRENNAN

"John's going to write a book! Aren't you, John? Oh, it's going to be a best seller! I know it is! John's awfully clever. You wouldn't think it, would you? Look at him! Solemn as an owly-owl. Hullo, you old owly-owl!"

"That's splendid, John," said my wife.

John reddened painfully.

"Aw—" he said, "I couldn't write a book—"

Mimi whirled on him, aghast.

"Why, of course you can write a book! You're every bit as smart as Pete Leschen. He wrote a book! And just think, Ethel, as soon as it's written and is selling like everything, we're going down to old Mexico. We're going to have a scrumptious little old adobe hut and eat tamales. Won't that be too devastatingly *divine*? And John can get plenty of sun. John has a sinus. Isn't it a sinus, John? And the sun'll be just too miraculous for John's old sinus—"

"It's my larynx," said John apologetically. "I think it's because of the smoke. I had a sinus infection, but it was drained when I was in Tulsa and I haven't had any more trouble. But Dr. Guth seems to think the smoke in this town—"

Mimi burst into laughter.



MATHIEU

Illustrations by
HUBERT MATHIEU

*You never
thought of her
without adding
mentally an ex-
clamation point.*

"IN Close-ups"



You can Trust Vicks Mouth-wash

VICKS Voratone Antiseptic is made by the same people who make Vicks VapoRub—it had to be extra good to carry the Vicks name. In fact, it actually *exceeds* accepted standards of antiseptic strength.

Even when diluted with equal parts of water, it is still a highly efficient antiseptic mouth-wash. Yet it's pleasant and safe when used full-strength.

And—either way—what a clean taste, what a delightful tingle; it leaves in your mouth! You just *know* you can trust it to stop bad breath. For sore throat, too, and all your usual uses.

Yet the big 35¢ bottle contains *three times* as much . . . lasts three times as long . . . as the popular 25¢ sellers.

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**ANTISEPTIC LOTION . . Dandruff,
After Shaving, Minor Cuts, etc.**



By the makers of VAPORUB

"Oh, John! I just d-double-h *hate* you when you talk about doctors." She whirled on me. "Sam! Isn't John *ridiculous* when he talks about his silly old larynx?"

"I don't see anything ridiculous about that," I said. "If the smoke hurts his larynx it hurts his larynx."

Mimi wrinkled up her piquant little face and bounced down on the divan beside my wife.

"You see? Sam's off of me. Sam doesn't approve of me! Sam thinks I'm disgusting and modern and dumb and—"

"Nonsense," said Ethel.

"Sam was just taking my side," said John. "Men have to hang together."

Mimi bounced off the divan and flung herself at John. She pounded him on the ribs with both fists, saying: "I'll teach you! You're unfaithful! You're disloyal. You're a Judas Priest traitor!"

"Hey—quit! You'll bust my pipe," said John.

Later Mimi got Ethel into the bedroom and started arguing about something. John twisted uneasily in his chair. I asked him questions about the advertising game. He said he was thinking of getting a transfer to Chicago or New York. He thought the colder climate might help his larynx. I was on the verge of remarking that it might be a poor time to make a change, in view of the approaching nuptials, when Mimi stormed into the living room.

"Sam! You've turned Ethel against me! She says she thinks I ought to get *married*."

"What's wrong with that?"

"Oh, Mimi's just talking," put in John miserably.

Mimi transferred her rage to John:

"Yes—you! You want me to marry you and quit my job and darn your socks. You want me to lose all my personality and go poking about, married and done for. I won't do it! I think marriage is the most excruciatingly hideous torture." Then, appealing dramatically to Ethel: "You know what John does? He turns off all the radiators and opens all the windows and sleeps without any pyjamas on. Ask him! That's what he does!"

JOHN was choked with embarrassment. He was about to protest when Mimi turned on me accusingly:

"You hate me, don't you? You're a Judas Priest moralist and you hate me because I don't believe in marriage. You've turned Ethel against me! You're a horrible, terrible moralist, and just because it would stifle me to marry John—"

"Now, Mimi," said Ethel, "nobody is forcing you to marry John. We just took for granted that—"

"She's going to marry me," said John, his tone apologetic. "She's just talking."

Mimi tossed her head so hard part of her hair fell down over her left eye.

"I never thought it of you, Ethel. Taking *their* side! That's what mar-

riage has done for you! You used to be a liberal and a feminist and an intelligent woman. But you've gone and let Sam—"

"Don't be a little idiot, Mimi."

Mimi burst into tears. We were all against her—even dear, good, darlingest John! We wanted to crucify her. Just because she was mad about John and he was the great love of her life, we wanted to spoil the rapture by making her darn John's socks.

"You won't have to darn my socks, honey," said John. "I've told you that. When I get holes in my socks I throw them away."

There was quite a scene. John finally took Mimi home. She departed in the depths of despair. She just knew that Ethel and I thought she was a perfect little pill and unworthy of John. But she couldn't let our stupid, crass, suburban morality crush all the fineness in her. She would live with John, give all to John, but she wouldn't marry him. Never—never—never!

ETHEL and I sank weakly into chairs and looked at each other.

"Poor John!" I said.

She shook her head.

"Feminism is just a current enthusiasm. Next week it's just as apt to be domesticity. She'll settle down."

"How about her enthusiasm for John?"

"Nonsense. She's wild about him."

I don't know why, exactly, but this affair was a challenge to all of us in Southmoor Park. Mimi and John had fallen in love. The next step must be a wedding. Even Joanna Sleight, who had made a mess of her own marriage, held forth on the subject at our next bridge club meeting.

"It's an excellent match," quoth Joanna. "John is just the type to steady her and she can put some pep into John."

All Mimi's women friends, except the small coterie of bachelor girls she ran around with downtown, began to steer Mimi toward the altar. Several weeks passed without any announcement from Mimi. I kidded Ethel:

"I suppose Mimi has a new enthusiasm these days."

"You're wrong. She's more in love with John than ever."

"When is the happy day?"

Ethel frowned.

"It's that gang of hers downtown—Gretchen and Lola and the rest. They keep telling her she'll ruin her career. H'mph! She hasn't any career and she knows it."

Mimi was a style expert for one of the department stores. Before that she had been secretary to a dean at the university, press agent for a stock company, an advertising copy writer, and manager of a children's wear department. She had an uncanny ability to land fairly good jobs; her enthusiasm did that for her. But she never stuck at anything very long.

"You gals had better lay off the

whole idea," I said. "John is too good a scout to be inflicted with Mimi."

"She's exactly what John needs to wake him up," said Ethel, with finality.

The conspiracy spread. Mimi lived with two maiden aunties. I overheard Ethel advising Mabel Prentice to speak to Aunt Margaret about an announcement party.

Ethel came home one evening, about a week later, looking dazed.

"It's happened," she said.

"All off, eh?"

"No. *Married!* And guess where!"

"Chicago."

My wife laughed wildly.

"Nope. At a gypsy picnic across the river! I heard about it from Gretchen. It seems Mimi has been terribly enthusiastic about gypsies lately. She hunted up a camp and got the king to perform the ceremony. Nobody knows if it's legal. Gretchen says poor John pleaded for a decent wedding, but you know Mimi!"

"Where's the honeymoon to be? On the roof of the Empire State Building?"

Ethel gestured feebly with her hands.

"They started this afternoon in John's car to drive to Taos, New Mexico."

"Why Taos?"

"Mimi's been reading books about it. She's tremendously enthused over handcraft culture. It's a protest against the machine age."

"Well, well," I said.

THREE days after that the telegraph company awakened us at twelve thirty in the morning. Mimi had wired from Trinidad, Colorado:

ETHEL DONT ALLOW JOHN OPERATION
ON LARYNX STOP RESCUE YUCATAN IN-
CENSE BURNER FROM APARTMENT STOP
IT WAS NOT CARBURETOR BUT IGNITION
STOP HAVE MET TWO DARLING INDIANS
AND AM HAVING DELIRIOUS TRIP STOP
LOVE MIMI

I was hopelessly bewildered, but Ethel deciphered the message in masterly fashion.

"The car broke down and John came home to have an operation on his larynx. Mimi is continuing the honeymoon with two darling Indians. The incense burner is that horrible-smelling thing the Swede explorer sent Mimi last Christmas."

"But—but the apartment—"

"They must have rented one. The thing to do is to find John."

"I'll start in by calling the hospitals."

"Don't be an idiot. Drop in at his office tomorrow."

I dropped in at John's office the first thing next morning.

"We thought you were on your honeymoon," I said.

John nodded. He looked a little shaggier than usual. His dark stolidity wore a recently added mantle of patient resignation.

He had the manner of one who has just emerged from a tornado area and is still preoccupied with silent prayers that his life was spared.

"Yes," he said. "I was out West. With Mimi. The car broke down in Kansas. I had trouble with my larynx—it was probably gasoline poisoning—so I thought I'd better get back to Dr. Guth. He understands my case, you know."

"We had a telegram from Mimi. She seemed worried about an operation."

"Yes. I've had five telegrams from her myself." His voice disclosed a definite disappointment.

"Dr. Guth says an operation won't

be necessary." He shrugged. "I've tried to wire Mimi, but I don't know her itinerary."

"She's a thoughtful bride."

John flushed.

"Oh, she'll send me her address as soon as she reaches Taos," he said defensively. "She would have come back with me, but we had a little argument over what caused the car to break down—"

"It was the ignition."

"Oh, was it? She was right, after all." Then, seeing my look of pity, "I'm glad she went on. She had her heart set on seeing Taos."

I didn't have the courage to tell him about the incense burner and the

WHAT A FOOL SHE IS!



Her Hats are the Last Word
—But she neglects her Teeth
and Gums . . . and she has

"Pink tooth brush"!

PEOPLE glance at her hat and think, "How smart!" Then—they glance at her face—and see her dingy-looking teeth. Are *your* teeth bright? Are *your* gums firm?

If your gums bleed easily—if you have "pink tooth brush"—the soundness of your gums, the brightness of your teeth, and the attractiveness of your smile are *all* in danger!

For "pink tooth brush" not only may lead to serious gum troubles—to gingivitis, Vincent's disease, and pyorrhea—but it may be a threat to the polish of your teeth.

Keep gums firm and healthy—and teeth clean and bright with Ipana and massage.

Restore to your gums the stimulation they need, and of which they are robbed by the soft, modern food that gives them

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Start it tomorrow. Buy a full-size tube. Follow the Ipana method and your teeth will shine brighter, your gums will be firmer . . . "Pink tooth brush" will depart.

Write Bristol-Myers Co., Dept. AB-63, 73 West St., New York City, for a trial tube of Ipana. Enclose a three-cent stamp.





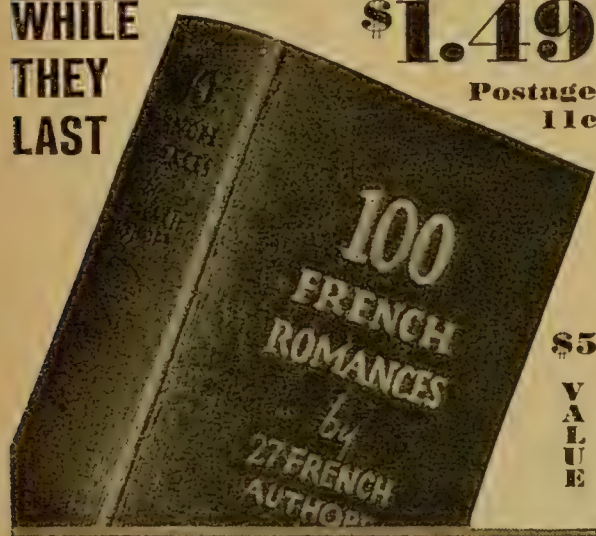
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**CONOCO
TRAVEL BUREAU**

two Indians. I grasped his hand emotionally and we parted.

Of course Mimi's behavior on her honeymoon trip was the talk of Southmoor Park. It was generally agreed that she had treated John in a very shabby fashion. Joe Rae made a bet at the Country Club with Doc Spears that the marriage wouldn't last two months. But soberer residents condemned him as a cynic. Most of us felt that Mimi would have her fling and settle down when she got home. We wanted to think that, anyway.

I caught Ethel actually defending Mimi to Mrs. Wingate. Ethel said: "That was no way for a man to act on his honeymoon—worrying about his larynx. If Sam had behaved that way I'd have left him flat!"

Mimi came back after about a week. She and John were seen having luncheon together at the Athletic Club downtown.

A few days later Mimi invited Ethel and me to dinner at the hotel where she and John had taken a one-room efficiency apartment. Ethel said they must be paying at least sixty dollars a month for the apartment. They could have rented a nice bungalow in Southmoor Park for forty-five.

We walked down a corridor past a hundred doors just alike and knocked at No. 1508.

"Ethel!"

"Mimi!"

I looked around for John.

"John won't be here until later," Mimi said. "Isn't he a beast? It's his night to play handball. The big bum! I could have simply murdered him when he wouldn't call it off. He did it just to get even with me because I went to a fudge party at Lola's the night he wanted to hear Burton Holmes. But that's a man for you! That's marriage!"

She looked at Ethel and me accusingly, as if it was all our fault.

"How did you like Taos?" said Ethel, changing the subject.

WE went in to the little two-by-four living room. I tried to find a comfortable chair. No luck. Mimi had carted in a pile of artistic junk—batik, pictures, and pottery—and it was stacked in a corner on top of a pile of John's books. I looked around for pipes and ash trays. Later I discovered that Mimi made John keep them on the outside ledge of the bathroom window.

"Taos? Oh, my dear, it was excruciatingly stupid! Remember, I told you about two Indians? They were the most ghastly fizzles. One of them stole the spare tire off John's car. Taos is a bust. No one goes there any more. Old Mexico is the place! Have you read what Stuart Chase says about maize culture? My dear, I'm simply bursting with impatience to see it! I'd have gone on, but I had spent all my money and John was stony broke and couldn't wire me any."

The three of us went down to dinner in the hotel dining room.

"Good food," Ethel murmured, after we had heard more about maize culture.

Mimi laughed.

"I want you to tell John that. The bum! You know the latest? He can't eat canned vegetables. Says they poison his intestinal tract! He thinks I should cook green vegetables for him. Wants me to quit my job and slave all day in the kitchen for the salvation of his intestinal tract! Can you imagine anything so putrid?"

I was getting a bit fed up with Mimi's monkeyshines and selfishness.

"A man's got a right to like green vegetables," I said. "I like 'em myself."

Ethel kicked me under the table. Mimi gasped.

"And I suppose," she said sweetly, "you think I should give up a good job and live on John's salary and do work that some bohunk could do for ten dollars a week?"

"It's a wife's duty to make a home for her husband," I said.

"Duty? There you go! You Judas Priest Victorian! I suppose John hasn't any duty to me at all! I suppose he can go off and play handball the night I've invited my best friends to dinner?"

"It's a give-and-take proposition, Mimi," said Ethel soothingly. "If you expect John to go out of his way for you, you should go out of your way for him."

Mimi nodded self-righteously.

"I did. I let Lola keep the incense burner. John was afraid it might give him asthma. But what has John done for me? Nothing! That's the man of it. Take everything and give nothing!"

I WOULD have argued but Ethel worked on my shin again.

John came in a half hour or so after dinner. He was embarrassed and apologetic. It developed, although John wouldn't say so right out, that Mimi had neglected to inform him of the invitation until it was too late to cancel his engagement for a handball tournament match.

We went to a picture show and there was no more quarreling. Mimi put her head close to John's shoulder and he held her hand under his hat. John wouldn't stay for Mickey Mouse, however, stating that the white glare hurt his eyes. He waited for us in the lobby.

Going home Ethel and I had a spat.

"It can't last," I said. "We shouldn't have encouraged Mimi to get married. She doesn't know the first principles of married happiness."

"It isn't Mimi's fault. John would drive any woman insane. The idea of Mickey Mouse hurting his eyes! And do you know what Mimi told me? John's lazy! He won't work at his book. And another thing—he turns on the radio for Swedish exercises at seven o'clock every morning."

"That's to keep Mimi from talking him to death."

"Mimi isn't talking at seven. The

poor kid wants to sleep. She doesn't have to get to the store until nine thirty."

"If she was my wife I'd paddle her."

"I'm your wife and you don't dare paddle me!"

"Oh, yeah?"

"Oh, yeah! And, what's more, you quit making nasty remarks to Mimi. A lot you help!"

And so on. But when we got back to our little house and were tucking Junior in together we made up and Ethel said: "That horrible apartment. Ugh! Like a vault in a mausoleum!"

Ethel and the other married women who were close friends of Mimi's must have got to work on her. The next thing I heard was that Mimi and John had taken a flat on Morley Avenue in Southmoor Park. Mimi had quit her job at the store and was buying furniture.

Ethel said triumphantly: "You see? I told you Mimi would settle down. She's sacrificing her independence and taking up housework for John's sake. Would any man do as much? Not a man in the world!"

One Sunday afternoon our telephone rang. Ethel had taken Junior out for a drive with Sue Denman.

"SAM? This is John McIlwain. Listen, Sam. You got a skeleton key or something? I'm locked in."

"Locked in?"

He laughed sheepishly.

"Yep. Mimi locked me in. It's that damn' book, you know. She wants me to write. Uh—I kind of hate to bust a door—and I can't very well yell out a window. I'd look so silly. So if you could find Mimi or come over with a skeleton key—"

I got together a bunch of keys and went over to their second-floor flat. Luckily a key fitted the back door.

John was gloomily smoking a cigarette in the kitchen.

"Thanks, Sam," he said. "You're my friend for life!"

We went into the living room. It was interior-decorated to the last inch, with furniture which must have cost plenty. Mimi had even bought a grand piano. I whistled.

"Very swell," I said.

John nodded.

"It'll take me three years to pay for it," he remarked. He walked into the sun parlor and put the cover on a new typewriter. "Golly!" he said. "I've got to get some air. Dr. Guth told me that infection was apt to give me a quinsy if I didn't watch it. Want to take a hike to the river?" It was only nine miles to the river.

I said: "Thanks, John, but I'd better be getting back." I looked at the typewriter. "Going to tackle a book one of these days?"

John sighed.

"Yep. Guess I am. Mimi won't give me any peace till I've done it. But—hell—I can't think when I'm locked in! I told her it was a dumb stunt."

As I recall, John and Mimi lasted about a month in the flat. Then Mimi came over to our place with the big news.

"I've left John! I'm going to Chicago and get a job! I've stood all his vile abuse I'm going to stand! Keep my Chinese rug for me, will you, Ethel?"

We led her into the living room and tried to quiet her. She started crying and threw herself dramatically on the divan.

"The beast! The horrid Judas Priest beast! He said I'm extravagant! *Extravagant*. Can you imagine? When I only bought the furniture for him. I wanted to make a

home for him and be a good wife. But no! He throws it up to me. So I said: 'My dear, don't worry about the furniture. I'll pay for it. I can get a job tomorrow.' I'll pay for it. Oh, yes. He won't have to pay a penny of it. And when I do, it'll be mine! I'll have it shipped to Chicago. I'll show him!"

"But, Mimi, you love John, don't you?"

"Ye-hess . . . I s'pose I do. Yes, I do love the big bum. But I can't live with him! I can't, I can't, I can't!"

"Oh, now, you can make this up. Send some of the furniture back if John doesn't feel he can afford it—"



Why isn't this pretty girl dancing?

SHE'S pretty. She's a good dancer. She's lively company. She wears stunning clothes. Yet *there she is, alone*. Why?

Simply because she does not realize that she offends with the unpleasant odor of underarm perspiration.

What a pity it is when it is so easy to avoid—with Mum! A light fingertipful of this snowy deodorant cream smoothed under each arm when you dress—and you're safe for the whole day or evening.

Mum takes only half a minute to use. And you can use it any time, even after you're dressed. For Mum is perfectly harmless to clothing. It's soothing to the skin, too—even a sensitive skin. You can use it right after shaving the underarms.

Remember, Mum does not interfere with natural perspiration. It simply prevents ugly odor. Get the habit of using it daily. You can get Mum at any toilet counter, 35c and 60c. The Mum Mfg. Co., 75 West St., N. Y.



MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

ANOTHER WAY MUM SERVES WOMEN. Mum on sanitary napkins is a guarantee of freedom from odor. You need no longer worry about this old, old feminine problem.

"And have him gloat? Not I! I'm going to Chicago!"

And Mimi went to Chicago.

Southmoor Park was scandalized. Southmoor Park wives often talked of going to Chicago or New York or Kalamazoo to make their own way in the world. But few of them got as far as Union Station; most of them stopped at mother's and thought it over.

Mimi's departure had a peculiar effect on all the young married couples of our acquaintance. I remember talking it over with Ed Fontanelle one night at the University Club. Ed and his Mary were the prize scrapers of the neighborhood.

"It must be John's fault," he said. "I'm no model husband, as Allah knows, but at least Mary hasn't run out on me."

"They're both to blame," I said. "Neither seems to feel the slightest responsibility for making it go."

Ed nodded, pretty much holier-than-John.

"It's a battle, but a guy has got to make allowances and see it through. Many's the time Mary has talked about going home to Pittsburgh and opening a women's clothes shop. But I tell her: 'Heck, don't do that. Who would I have to fight with if you went to Pittsburgh? I could get a blonde, but blondes are too tame.' So we make up."

We waited about four days to see if Mimi would change her mind and come home. Then Ethel nominated me to be Steve.

"You go and have a talk with John. I know if he'd go to Chicago and have a talk with Mimi they could make it up."

Well, I kicked and stalled around. Bill Ristine knew John better—why didn't he go? Ethel said Bill had already talked to John. He had half persuaded John and I must put on the clinching argument. Ethel finished by saying: "After all, we're partly responsible. All of us. We wouldn't give Mimi any peace until she'd married John. It's up to us to help them now. I've written Mimi two letters and most of the others have written. You do your share."

So I made a luncheon engagement with John.

WE were both pretty much embarrassed. We talked about the weather and golf and politics and John's health. His larynx hadn't been giving him any trouble, but he was afraid the pains he had in his side meant appendicitis.

Finally I said: "Heard anything from Mimi?"

John blushed.

"Oh, yes. She writes nearly every day. She's working in a place called the Baby Shop."

"When's she coming home?"

John coughed.

"Why—uh—she doesn't say."

I decided I might as well come out with it.

"You're not satisfied with the present arrangement, are you?"

He thought it over, munching shredded turnips.

"No. I sort of wish she'd come back."

"Have you written her that?"

"N-not exactly. You see, I'm still in debt for the furniture, and with my appendix acting up and all—Of course, in another month or so—" Then, confiden-

tially: "I'm working on the book. It's nice and quiet at the flat."

I was baffled and changed the subject. That evening I reported to Ethel. I was rather hopeless. Mimi liked it in Chicago and John liked it here. How can you reunite people who don't particularly care to be reunited?

"I've got it!" said Ethel. "Mimi and John should have a baby. Of course! That would make a bond between them. I'm going to write Mimi this very night!"

"Before you mention a baby, don't you think you ought to get these love birds a little closer together?" I said, trying to kid her out of it.

"Don't be coarse," said Ethel.

She wrote Mimi, urging her to come home and have a baby. Nothing I said could stop her.

Two days later we got a telegram from Mimi:

THINK BABY WOULD BE TOO PRECIOUS STOP HAVE BOUGHT DUCKIEST LAYETTE IN BANKRUPTCY SALE BABY SHOP HERE STOP WHAT DOES JOHN SAY STOP HOW DO YOU LIKE ALASTAIR KEVIN MCILWAIN FOR NAME STOP HAVE JOHN WIRE IF INTERESTED IN FATHERHOOD THE BUM STOP YOU ARE TO BE GODMOTHER STOP LOVE MIMI

Ethel danced around the living room, laughing. Then she ran to the telephone and called Madge and Peggy and Flo. I gathered from the conversations that the baby idea was not entirely original with Ethel. It was, in fact, Southmoor Park's unanimous answer to the problem.

MY wife handed me Mimi's telegram.

"Run right over and show it to John," she commanded.

That was too much. I balked hard.

"Think I'm going over and discuss such a subject with any man? Let alone a man in John's position! A

man whose wife is in Chicago? You go. I'm out of it."

"I can't go. It would be indelicate, to say the least."

"You weren't worrying about delicacy when you wrote Mimi."

"That's different. We're like sisters. You know John well enough to discuss it with perfect propriety."

I hit the ceiling. I said: "This is the goofiest idea of the series! Mimi is no more fit to be the mother of a baby than a ten-year-old school kid. John would knock my head off for such meddling with his private affairs, and I'd deserve it. It's high time we were laying off this whole business. I, for one, am all washed up. Through. Finee!"

Ethel threatened to go to Chicago and join Mimi and make her own living cooking beaten biscuits. But I was firm. A man can be driven only so far.

I might add, for purposes of the record, that no other man in Southmoor Park would agree to discuss the matter with John.

We were just sitting down to dinner the next evening when the doorbell rang. I went to the door. It was Mimi.

"Sam! Is Ethel here?" she demanded intensely.

"Why—why—yes. What's happened?"

She pushed past me into the hall.

"Oh, Ethel!" She flung herself into Ethel's arms and started crying.

YARDLEYGRAM

By Herbert O. Yardley

●	E	N	R	E	A	T	S	S	I
D	E	I	T	R	N	C	E	E	P
T	I	E	K	R	I	N	L	I	I
M	H	S	I	N	I	E	V	B	S
P	S	E	N	N	M	T	A	D	N
S	R	T	G	E	A	R	E	G	I
U	N	H	H	S	E	I	R	S	C
D	C	A	A	S	T	V	E	A	S
K	E	R	I	H	E	E	T	S	N
★	E	K	C	L	I	H	F	D	A

There is a complete message hidden in the square above. It can be found by drawing a continuous pencil line through the correct letters, vertically, horizontally, or diagonally. The pencil lines, when done correctly, will give a symmetrical design. No letter may be used more than once.

Start at the ●

Finish at the ★

The solution will appear next week.

"Mimi! What's the matter with you? Tell me!" Mimi pulled away dramatically.

"My baby! I can't have it! John's just had his appendix taken out! He's four hundred and fifty dollars in debt for it. He owes the doctor and the nurses and the hospital! The beast! Oh, I could just *kill* him! He didn't need his Judas Priest appendix out at all. He just did it because I wanted a baby!"

In answer to our stunned questioning, Mimi blurted out a few more details. She had pawned her fur coat to get airplane fare from Chicago. She had seen John at the hospital. The operation had been performed that morning.

"How's John getting along?" I wanted to know.

Mimi stamped her foot with rage. "Oh, he's just lovely! Having the time of his life with a private nurse and everything! Can't talk about anything but his Judas Priest appendix and gas pains and incisions!"

"Don't you worry, Mimi," said Ethel. "You and John will have your baby. We'll see to that!"

"You bet!" I said.

They wouldn't have any trouble financing this baby in Southmoor Park. I'd lend them or give them the money myself.

The other evening my wife and I were talking about John and Mimi. Little Ethel Mimi John McIlwain was upstairs in a crib next to Junior's.

Ethel handed me a telegram she had received that afternoon from Benton Harbor, Michigan.

STOPPED OFF TO BUY HEAVENLY HOUSE OF DAVID BASSINET FOR SCRUMPTIOUS DARLINGEST BABY STOP JOHN LAID UP ERIE PENNSYLVANIA DAMN LARYNX STOP BOOK WILL BE BEST SELLER SURE STOP HOME AS SOON AS JOHN GETS ADVANCE PROMISED FROM PUBLISHERS STOP SELL GRAND PIANO AS WE LEAVE FOR SOUTH OF FRANCE WITH DARLINGEST ENFANT SOON STOP JOHN COMPLAINING SAM BOUNCES BABY AND MIGHT INJURE SPINE STOP TELL SAM GIVE BABY TWO HARD BOUNCES FOR ME STOP FIE FOR JOHN THE BIG BUM STOP LOVE
MIMI

"The same old Mimi," I said.

"The same old John," Ethel said.

I knew what she was thinking. John and Mimi would never change. But somehow they'd make a go of it. We married folks in Southmoor Park would see to that. They stood for something more than a horrible example of what might happen to our own marriages. They were fighting our battle for us and we couldn't see them licked.

Ethel laughed.

She said: "Do you think little Ethel Mimi John McIlwain—" Then she stopped. Upstairs we heard a loud squawk.

"Well, anyway," Ethel said, "little Ethel has a good strong larynx!"

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

1—Where is Stone Mountain?

2—Where was the first protest made in America against the system of arbitrary taxation?

3—Who was Azrael?

4—Who was the first premier of Canada?

5—For what was Omar Khayyam noted besides the Rubaiyat?

6—Who was James Edward Oglethorpe?

7—What game played in many American and Canadian universities originated with the Indians?

8—What is the national flower of India?

9—What is an eland and of what country is it a native?

10—What is a dune?

11—What was "The Battle Above the Clouds" during the Civil War?

12—Who were the Silver Grays?

13—Who wrote The Prince and the Pauper?

14—What is the solar plexus?

15—When was the first recorded strike of labor in America?

16—What does the term "funding" mean?

17—What is a crevasse?

18—What is veneer and for what is it used?

19—Who wrote The Phantom Rickshaw?

20—Who was Robert Todd Lincoln?

(Answers will be found on page 38)

Why do increasing thousands now say: "Squibb Aspirin, please!"?

(see page 38 for the answer)

At Your Service Everywhere and Always

As in the case of the many thousands who already are using Squibb Aspirin, you too will find Squibb Aspirin ever at *your* service.

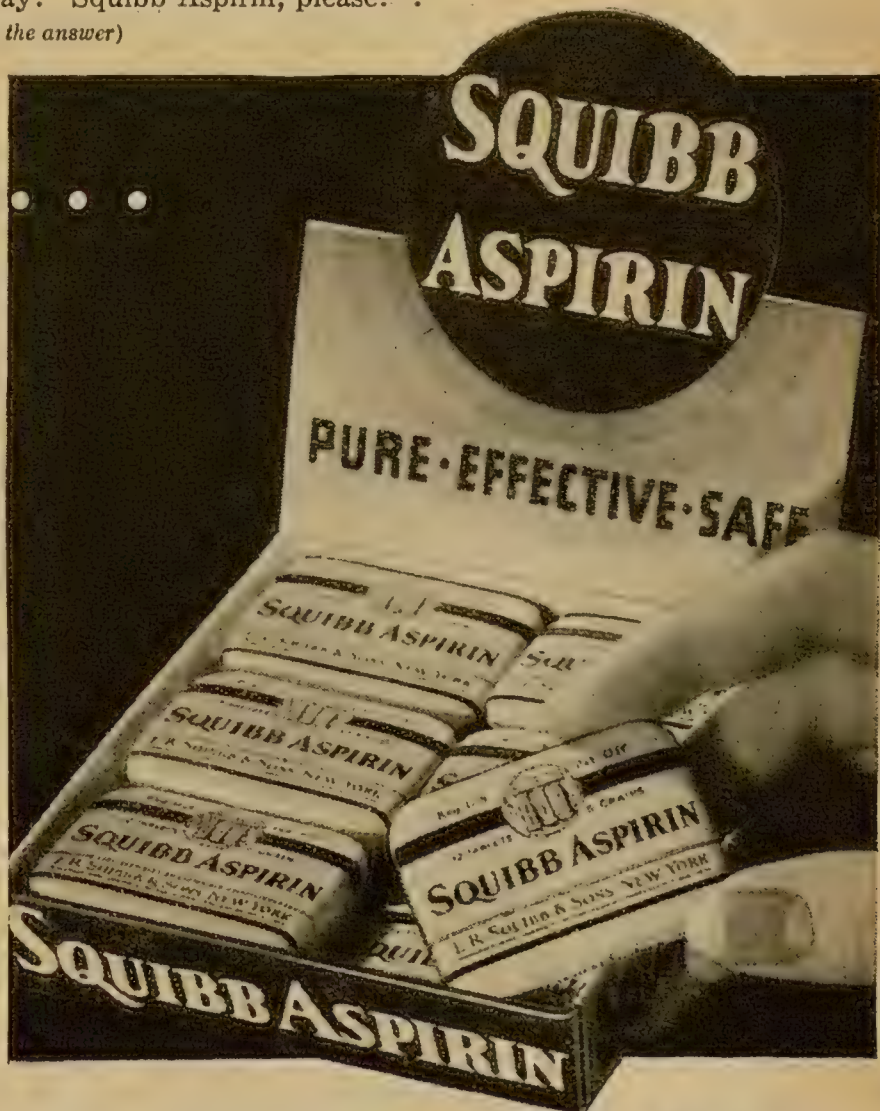
You'll find it *Pure*—with a purity that surpasses even the official United States Government standard.

You'll find it *Effective*—because of its very purity and because it disintegrates quickly and completely.

You'll find it *Safe*—because only a pure aspirin can be safe.

You'll find it *Exact in dosage*—held to this exactness by the strictest laboratory control.

And yet you'll find it costs you less, almost everywhere, than other advertised brands, because of manufacturing economies. To say "Squibb Aspirin, please!" to your druggist, puts this quality product at *your* service—for your protection. Insist on Squibb. Look for the name before you buy.



SQUIBB ASPIRIN

- Pure
- Effective
- Safe

Song, Sex, and Sorrow

Ramon Novarro in a Desert Drama, Edmund Lowe and Nancy Carroll in Some Sprightly Crime, A Gloomy Ruth Chatterton, and a South Sea Story in the Week's Pictures

By **ROB WAGNER**

(Reading time: 8 minutes 40 seconds.)

1 star means fairly good.

2 stars, good.

3 stars, excellent.

4 stars, extraordinary.

★★★ THE BARBARIAN

CAST: Jamil, Ramon Novarro; Diana, Myrna Loy; Gerald, Reginald Denny; Powers, Louise Closser Hale; Cecil, C. Aubrey Smith; Achmed, Edward Arnold; Mrs. Hume, Blanche Friderici; Marthe, Marcelle Corday; American Tourist, Hedda Hopper; German Tourist, Leni Stengel. Directed by Sam Wood. Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

Ramon Novarro, "the best dragoman in Egypt," is at the station in Cairo, clinching passionately with various ladies whom he has been guiding among the sights, and incidentally love-chiseling for rich jewelry. Ah, another victim! Myrna Loy is just arriving with her family, met by Reginald Denny, whom she is to marry in a short time—mebbe! Ramon attaches himself as guide and starts right in to add Myrna's heart and jewelry to his collection. Reggie is jealous, for after Ramon has sung one song to Myrna, she is somewhat shaken. Ramon becomes more daring, and Myrna fires him just before she



Ramon Novarro, shown with Myrna Loy, displays a nice flair for comedy and song in *The Barbarian*.



Edmund Lowe, despite the pose above with Nancy Carroll, is a bank robber in *I Love That Man*.

takes her tourist trip into the desert. Imagine her surprise that night to hear Ramon's love song coming over the sand dunes! Romance is now punctuated by drama, with a dragoman and a fat pasha fighting it out for the beautiful gal.

One incident that will go big with us overwhelmed men: Long desert ride, tired, thirsty. Myrna rushes for the pool. Ramon throws her down. "Horses drink first." . . . "Men drink next." . . . "Now women." At last the tent of the sheik, Ramon's father. Yes, Ramon is a prince; he's just been playing the dragoman. Myrna, frightened, agrees to marry. Changes her mind. Slaps Ramon's face. He allows her to return to Cairo.

Wedding preparations. Reggie is waiting. Myrna is dressing. The wedding march starts. But what is that? Ramon's love song! Why go on? The picture fades with Myrna and Ramon drifting down the Nile in each other's arms.

A beautiful production, Myrna Loy ravishing, and Ramon showing a rare flair for comedy and singing charmingly. Reginald Denny excellent, Edward Arnold makes a sinister pasha, and Louise Closser Hale adds lots of laughter. Sam Wood, the director, puts over a bathtub sequence that will make C. B. De Mille cry himself to sleep.

★★ I LOVE THAT MAN

CAST: "Brains" Stanley, Edmund Lowe; Grace Clark, Nancy Carroll; "Driller" Ganuzzi, Robert Armstrong; Mousey, Warren Hymer; Giggles, Dorothy Burgess; "Labels" Castell, Lew Cody; Dentist, Grant Mitchell; Angelo, Luis Alberni; Harper, Harvey Clarke; Babe, Esther Muir; Maria, Belle Mitchell; Cohen, Lee Kohlmar; Abe, Leon Holmes; Publisher, Walter Walker; Secretary, Susan Fleming; Chaplain, Harry Bradley; Interne, Pat O'Malley; Ace, Lloyd Ingraham. Directed by Harry Joe Brown. Produced by Paramount.

Ain't sex wonderful? Or maybe in this case it is Eddie Lowe's "secondary sex attraction," his dear little mustache, that lures Nancy Carroll from her social duties to become his very refined moll. There is no other way to explain it, for Eddie is a disreputable scamp in cahoots with Bob Armstrong and Warren Hymer, two tough eggs in the unsocial game of robbing banks. But when a gal gets "I Love That Man" way, there's no telling what she'll do.



Frank McHugh, Ruth Chatterton, and George Brent in the foreground in a scene from Lilly Turner.

Well, Nancy leaves home, charities, and everything to trail Eddie. Indeed, she becomes a partner with him in a glass-casket racket, makes it a real success and—moral regeneration? Not quite. The horrid eggs turn up and demand their pay-off for the last crime. Eddie hasn't that much money. But ah, there's a bank close by! Tunneling, cops, and big drayma. But Eddie comes clean. Full of lead and high purpose, he lies on his cot in the hospital, answers the minister's questions, and at last makes Nancy an honest woman, whatever that means. The moral of this here piece? Why bring that up when loose morals litter six reels of sprightly fillum?

OFF THE SCREEN—

By HARRIET PARSONS

“BUY AMERICAN” apparently isn't Gary Cooper's slogan. Gary just can't resist these foreign gals. His most spectacular romance was with Mexican Lupe Velez. Then, after an interlude with the Countess di Frasso (American Dorothy Taylor), he went foreign again and beamed Wera Engels around town. And now beautiful German Lilian Harvey is enjoying big Coop's attentions. Gary and Miss Harvey week-ended at Palm Springs recently. Perhaps it wasn't entirely coincidence that Dorothy Frasso decided to motor to the desert resort for the same week-end. Although she's been seen about with monocled Russian Ivan Lebedeff since her split with Gary, Hollywood has a hunch she still prefers the home-grown product.

Arrival of the Al G. Barnes circus in Hollywood was a big social event. Film folk, with or without kids, attended in droves. Marlene Dietrich, little Maria, and the inevitable corps of bodyguards almost broke up the show the night they attended. Clowns, daring trapeze artists, even the lions and tigers got no time at all. Everyone was watching trousered Marlene and her seven-year-old carbon copy. Incidentally Mae West timed her arrival so that she appeared to be marching at the head of the opening parade into the arena.

And, by the way, if you want to make Mae raging mad just suggest that there's more than a business relation between her and huge Jim Timony. Timony, her business manager, wears a checked vest and a mammoth watch chain, looks like a character out of Diamond Lil, and has been her inseparable companion for years. When a fan magazine reported recently that they were secretly married, Mae threatened suit in a voice huskier than usual.

★★ LILLY TURNER

CAST: Lilly, Ruth Chatterton; Bob, George Brent; Dave, Frank McHugh; Doc McGill, Guy Kibbee; Rex, Gordon Westcott; Edna, Ruth Donnelly; Mrs. McGill, Marjorie Gateson; Fritz, Robert Barrat; Sam, Arthur Vinton; Dr. Hawley, Grant Mitchell; Mrs. Turner, Margaret Seddon; Earle, Hobart Cavanaugh; Mrs. Flint, Catherine Claire Ward; Mother, Lucille Ward; Hazel, Mae Busch. Directed by William Wellman. Produced by First National.

If you are fed up on happiness stuff, here is gloom in big gobs. Ruth Chatterton (Lilly Turner), a gal of the lower middle class, marries Gordon Westcott, a cheap, brash vaudevillian. Ruth becomes his assistant in a magician act. When a former wife turns up, Gordon beats it, and Ruth in desperation marries Frank McHugh, a kind but drunken ballyhoo. They join Guy Kibbee's medicine show, Ruth posing as the perfect woman and Robert Barrat as the strong man. Frank goes down and down, dragging Ruth with him. The strong man falls in love with her and literally goes nuts, ending up in an asylum prison. George Brent, taxi driver, falls in love with Ruth, and replaces the strong man in the show. The latter breaks prison and in a horrible scene throws drunken Frank through a window and breaks his back. Ruth decides that her duty demands that she stick with Frank and nurse him. It's a good story, but it begins on a low level, drops down and down, and just when you think the sun is to shine, it ends up ker-plunk.

★ SAMARANG

CAST: The Mother, Mamounah; Her Elder Son, Ahmang; Her Younger Son, Ko-hai; the Girl, Sai-yu; Captain of pearling schooner, Ariff; the Orang-outang, Kimbu. Directed by Ward Wing. Produced by B. F. Zeidman.

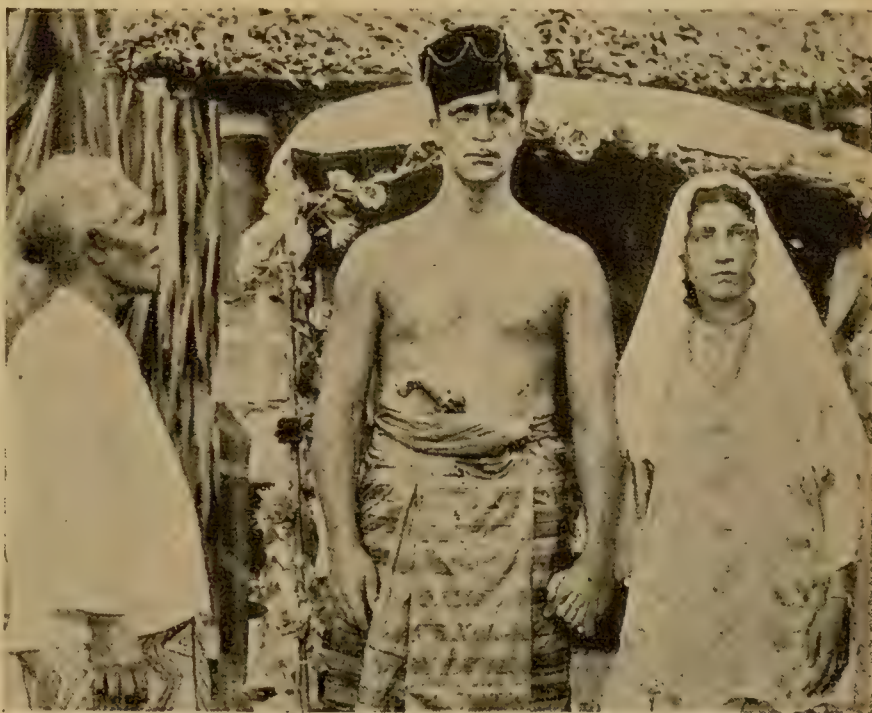
With the eyes of the world turned on the South Seas, this picture of pearl diving will have a certain exotic interest.

Ahmang, poor, loves Sai-yu, daughter of the chief. But if Ahmang secures a pearl of great value he can win Sai-yu. That's the story. The lovers are temporarily lost on a cannibal island the size of a postage stamp, upon which is every animal of the African jungle.

FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Nothing Ever Happens, Topaze, Rasputin and the Empress, 42nd Street, Cavalcade, The Animal Kingdom, Babes in the Wood, Silver Dollar.

★★★—Reunion in Vienna, Zoo in Budapest, The Little Giant, A Bedtime Story, The Devil's Brother, Working Man, Hell Below, Picture Snatcher, Baby Face, The Masquerader, The White Sister, The Rome Express, King Kong, The Great Jasper, Be Mine Tonight, The Face in the Sky, State Fair, Luxury Liner, The Sign of the Cross, She Done Him Wrong, Grand Slam, Tonight Is Ours, Me and My Gal, A Farewell to Arms, The Son-Daughter, If I Had a Million, The Mummy, The Half Naked Truth, Three on a Match, The Match King, The Kid from Spain, Cynara.



A Malay wedding ceremony as pictured in Samarang, a story of the South Seas and the pearl divers.

On the Wings of the Storm

(Reading time: 23 minutes 4 seconds.)

HURRICANE signals had been raised at the lighthouse and the people of Nassau attuned their ears to the ominous beating of surf on Hog Island. Since daybreak a thick drizzle had been falling on the quiet tropic city. Men moved like restless ghosts through the rain, busy with last-minute preparations against the tempest that would scream over the island before nightfall.

Lee Claflin, standing at the end of Public Market Wharf, stared down at the shabby flying boat which stirred uneasily in the calm basin.

"You're a fool, Lee," said his companion, an overstout young man whose linen suit clung wetly to his roundish figure. "Pull your plane up on the beach at Fort Montague, tie her down, and kiss her good-by. No sense in deliberately committing suicide, even if you have had a few bad breaks."

"A few?" echoed the pilot harshly. His hard-lined face darkened beneath its tan. "Thanks, Ray, for the advice, but I'll be shoving off. I can't afford to have my plane wrecked. She's my sole remaining asset."

The season before, when Lee's amphibians had flown over from Miami on regular schedule, he had looked much younger than his twenty-seven years. He had laughed easily, danced well, and upon occasion fought with the greatest possible good will. Now he was merely hard-boiled.

A large passenger steamer slid past, headed for the open sea east of the Hole in the Wall, where she might ride out the approaching storm in safety.

"I wish I were aboard that vessel," said Ray Worth earnestly. "I've seen four-five hurricanes. I could do without seeing another."

"Come along with me," invited Lee carelessly. "I'll fly ahead of the storm and be safe at Miami before the wind begins to whoop it up." His gray eyes measured the drift of the low clouds. They narrowed as they swung down to the other's face. "Ray," he said sultrily, "for two cents I'd stop at Bimini and get a job ferrying hooch back to the States."

"Static!" scoffed the other. "You've let things give you the wah-wahs, that's all. Stick around until the storm is over. You'll find plenty of pay loads to take the place of those who backed out on you. There are hundreds of good prospects here who haven't heard—"

"—who haven't heard that I'm a drunk who crashes his ships and kills his passengers, eh?" Lee finished bitterly.



"If I knew who spread that story over here I'd kick him from Vendue House to Eastern Parade!"

But Ray Worth had ceased to listen. His puzzled gaze was fixed upon a sleek mahogany runabout which had just swerved around the stern of the Canadian liner.

"That's a queer craft to be out in weather like this," he muttered, pointing. "Someone from the islands, I guess, running away from the storm."

"I'll be going along," said Lee. "See you sometime."

As he walked out from under the shelter of the eaves the speed boat turned a sharp quarter circle and headed directly toward the basin, where scores of island craft were moored in a close-packed mass.

"Funny thing," said Ray Worth, advancing to the edge of the wharf. "That boat's full of niggers. Bet they got scared and stole her. Probably saw the land crabs crawling to high ground and knew a storm was coming."

Lee Claflin was not interested. Dragging at the bowline of his plane, he glanced inattentively at the runabout, which had now come to a churning stop at the outer edge of the moored flotilla. He watched several Negroes scramble from her cockpit and clamber to the deck of a produce boat. Skipping hastily from one boat to another, they made their way to the opposite side of the basin, climbed to the wharf, and disappeared behind the Sponge Exchange. A small terrier appeared on the runabout and barked hysterically. The pilot ceased hauling at the line and stared at the dog, which turned awkwardly, as if it dared not follow the vanished Negroes. And in that moment Lee saw that one of the terrier's stubby forelegs was nearly an inch shorter than the other. The bowline dropped from unheeding hands. The plane drifted back with the wind, but Lee still watched the yelping dog.



He and Paul were on the floor, whirling over and over, hammering with vicious blows.

*He Flew in the Face of
Death to Tell a Girl
He Hated Her!...
and Then—*

"Belongs to Hawley's daughter," said Lee grimly.

"How do you know?"

"Name's on collar. Besides, I gave him to her."

"Phew!" whistled Ray Worth. "You travel with big-time company!"

"I don't travel with them," snapped the pilot. "I hate every foot of ground they've ever stepped on! Where's Pirate Cay? What are they doing there?"

"It's a small island fifty-odd miles south of here. Hawley bought it and built a big house on it. What's he done to get you in such a dither about him?"

"Is his daughter with him?" Lee asked, ignoring the other's question.

"I suppose so. She was here with them last week. I saw them on Parliament Street. She's a wow!"

"Them? Who's them?"

"His secretary was along too. I hear he's going to marry her. Pretty soft, I'd say!" He glanced down at the runabout, so he did not see the expression on the pilot's face. Then, with an anxious frown, "I'll bet his niggers have swiped his runabout to beat it away from the storm. Every conch in the Bahamas told Hawley the first real hurricane would wash his house clear over to the Azores, but he wouldn't listen."

"He wouldn't," nodded Lee. "Here, hold Toby while I get aboard my—"

"Lee, come on!" exclaimed Ray. "We've got to report this to the

TOBY

Nancy Hawley
Miami Beach
Florida

A vivid picture leaped into Lee's mind, a picture of a girl with wide blue eyes, an uptilted nose, and a mouth that was soft and red and sweet. Somberly he climbed to the wharf, holding the wriggling dog beneath one muscular arm.

"Is F. B. Hawley in Nassau?" he demanded harshly.

"Hawley, the American oil man? He was here a week ago. Guess he's at Pirate Cay now. Whose dog is that?"

By
**EUSTACE L.
ADAMS**

authorities. They'll have to do something to get them off that cay!"

The pilot, hauling at the rope, shrugged.

"I'm going to Miami," he said steadily. "And if I read in the papers that Hawley's been drowned, I'll laugh right out loud for the first time since my crash."

"Wait, Lee!" Ray begged. "The hurricane will hit you. You can't possibly— Lee, for God's sake, don't—"

The pilot took the dog from Ray's arms. He dropped to the rounded cowl of his flying boat. Placing Toby beneath the tarpaulin that sheltered the cockpit, he produced a long-handled crank and began to wind up the inertia starter.

"Lee!" the other shouted desperately. "Come back here, I tell you! You'll be dead in an hour if—" The grinding whine of the starter blanked out his words.

Helplessly the stout young man turned away and began to walk through the almost deserted arcades of the Public Market. Lee Claflin slipped into the pilot's seat and drew the webbed safety belt across his lap. Carefully feeding gas to the motor, he began to steer out into the rain-slicked waters of the harbor.

Toby inched closer to him. Almost he could have hated the dog who had stirred up aching memories of the past. That last interview with old man Hawley. Air jockey, the millionaire had called him. Then, ruthlessly, Nancy's father had proceeded to ruin him. His airport had gone first when the owner had found a legal method of canceling the lease. Competing transport operators, suddenly prosperous, had hired Lee's best pilots away from him. Mysterious rumors had caused traffic to dwindle. And then disaster, swiftly overwhelming. Two passengers killed; and word had spread that Lee had been drunk at the controls. Department of Commerce inspectors had exonerated him, but that had saved neither his business nor his reputation. Now, with a secondhand ship only partially paid for, he was beginning all over again.

TAXIING diagonally across the path of the easterly wind until he was safely beyond the projecting corner of the steamship wharf, Lee idled his engine and glanced at his chart. The center of the hurricane was reported to be about a hundred miles south of Nassau, moving northward at the rate of from ten to twelve miles an hour. It would be a wet, uncomfortable flight across the Biminis to Miami, but not dangerous to a pilot who had carried mail across "the Hump" of the Alleghenies during the early years of night flying. Long before the actual storm struck into his path he would be safe in a Miami hotel.

His hard gray eyes glanced down the chart, narrowing as they found the tiny spot marked "Pirate Cay," fifty-odd miles to the southward. It seemed fantastic that Nancy, her father, and Paul Gillespie should actually be there, directly in the course of the on-sweeping hurricane.

If only Nancy weren't there! But Lee deliberately turned his mind away from her.

Toby cowered at his right elbow, moving jerkily under

His lips were crushing hers in a wild kiss that exactly matched his mood.



the tarpaulin. It was queer, Lee thought, how comforting was the companionship of a small dog. He remembered that afternoon when the speeding motor car had run over Toby's foot—but no, he must not think of that.

The plane lifted to her step, swerved sickeningly to avoid an island sloop, then leaped into the puffy air. The big hotel at Fort Montague appeared, expanded, then rushed astern as Lee held the climbing bow of his ship straight into the wind. In a moment now he'd turn back and head directly toward Miami.

Looking across the narrow strip of Hog Island, Lee could see the long parallel lines of white rollers beating in from the open sea. It would never do to make a forced landing now. The first touch of those spume-tipped seas would mean utter catastrophe. Oddly he found himself remembering the sheltered cove on the westerly side of Pirate Cay. Hawley would have kept his runabout there. Now the runabout was gone. That was just Hawley's hard luck. Lee's hard lips twisted into a grin. But it was a shame that Nancy should have to die! Her eyes so deep, so blue, so clear, would be watching the incoming waves now, anxiously gauging their height as they crept up the sloping shell beach. She had an infectious way of smiling; there was a queer little quirk at the left corner of her mouth before the full smile reached her vivid lips.

Well, he told himself, everybody had to die when they had used up all their luck. But it hadn't been Nancy who had used up her luck. Her father had used it up for her, as he used up the brains, the spirits, and the very souls of those who worked or lived with him. Vindictively Lee hoped that the old man—and Paul Gillespie too—would take a long time in dying. But now it was time to turn back. Already he had flown too far to the eastward. The shabby flying boat bucked and yawed in the uneven gusts of wind. Lee's hands and feet corrected the quick movements instinctively with the habit of long

years of flying through troubled skies. He leveled out at five hundred feet, just under the low ceiling of wind-blown cloud.

Yes, it was time to be turning back.

His left foot pressed tentatively on the left rudder pedal, but his correcting twist on the control wheel held the plane steady on her easterly course. He cursed himself for not turning back. What did he care whether Nancy and her father and Paul Gillespie died or not?

Suddenly, with a savage kick at the right rudder pedal and an ugly twist at the wheel, he whirled his ship around to the southward, straight toward the center of the hurricane. There were things he must say to Hawley, to Paul Gillespie—yes, and to Nancy. He had never really told them how he hated them. If he didn't tell them now it would be too late, because they would all be dead. And he didn't want them to die without knowing. He'd land and tell them. Then he'd fly away and leave them.

PIRATE CAY cowered under the lash of the driving rain. Already a dozen waves, larger than their predecessors, had smashed tumultuously at the stonework of the house.

The cove on the sheltered side of the island was swollen with the storm tide, and its flat surface was smoky with the bouncing raindrops that streamed down upon it as if from the nozzle of a high-pressure hose. Now and then it appeared to spill over, tenuous rivulets crawling swiftly away from it to encircle and blank out segments of the fast-disappearing cay.

Lee eased back on the throttle, fighting the staggering plane down to a power landing on the cove. Rolling heavily in the tiny wavelets as the wind tore at her wings, she forged ahead under half throttle, heading toward a clump of storm-bent palms whose leaves stood straight out like paper streamers before an electric fan.

Lee drove her high on the beach, left the engine turning at seven hundred revolutions, and, leaping overboard, made the bowline fast to the trunk of the nearest palm. Then, returning to the cockpit, he swept the tarpaulin aside and took the quivering Toby in his arms. For an instant he stood there, leaning into the wind. Then he turned the engine up another hundred revolutions, easing the strain on the taut bowline.

Head down against the stinging rain, he stumbled up the rise which led to the shuttered house. A door opened and two men ran down the slope. He neither saw nor heard them until they were beside him. Their voices, curiously muffled by the steady wail of the wind, came as if from a great distance.

"Thank God you've come!" That was Haw-

ley's voice, and there was a thin edge of fear in it that was good to hear. But Lee trudged on, not raising his face. "Is your plane all right?" shouted the millionaire, plucking at Lee's sleeve. "Can you take three of us off in this storm?"

Lee jerked his arm away and continued his march up the hill.

"That's Toby!" yelled Paul Gillespie, on the other side. "Where'd you find him?"

Lee raised his face and stared at the broad-shouldered young man in the rain-drenched tweeds. There was such bright hatred in the pilot's eyes that Gillespie gasped and fell back.

"Didn't know me, Paul, eh?" Lee's voice snapped through the tumult. "Where's Nancy?"

Wordlessly Gillespie jerked his chin toward the house. Bracing his lean body against the wind, Lee turned to Mr. Hawley, who had come to a full stop and was squinting at him through the rain, which seemed to have washed all the confidence, all the intolerance out of the older man's face.

"Air jockey, eh?" Lee burst out. "Remember, you called me that? Come up to the house and we'll have a little talk."

"Good God! There's no time for talking!" yelled Mr. Hawley. "Get back to your plane. I'll bring Nancy."

But Lee was again trudging up the slope. Now they had reached the shelter of the big house. Lee's feet trod on the crackling bodies of scores of land crabs that were wandering around in close-packed masses. He mounted the limestone steps, the others following. The door was opened for him. Toby barked ecstatically.

NANCY was standing in the doorway, her slim figure silhouetted against the light within. One hand was against the door jamb, the other clutched at her breast. Against the pallor of her face her frightened eyes were wide and dark as she stared at him. Her hands went out to him. Deliberately he marched up the last step, placed Toby on the floor, and grabbed her in his strong, tired arms. His lips were crushing hers in a wild, savage kiss that exactly matched his mood. For a long, breathless moment the world stood still. Then, remembering, he straightened up and pushed her away.

"That," he said shakily, "was for old times' sake!"

Her long, slender fingers were touching her bruised lips. Color flooded up into her white cheeks, then ebbed away, leaving them paler than before.

"Come on!" shouted her father through the riot of sound that came through the open doorway. "Let's hurry, before—"

Lee walked past Nancy, moving into the deep pool of quiet that

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was the living room. It was not really quiet, of course; Lee's ears caught the malevolent snarl of the wind beyond the thick shutters at the windows. And not even the masonry walls could shut out the steady roar of the surf.

"What's the idea?" demanded Mr. Hawley nervously. "Won't the plane carry us in this storm? It's our only chance now."

"I guess it could carry you," said Lee distinctly, "but it won't."

"Do you mean to say," Paul Gillespie cried, "that you aren't going to take us off?"

Nancy came into the room holding Toby. For the moment she seemed to have forgotten the terrors of the storm. Her steady gaze was fixed upon Lee's hard-lined face. He met her eyes squarely but with a look that she could not understand. The house quivered as a sea broke against its foundations. Drops of water were falling slowly, persistently from a dark blotch on the ceiling overhead.

"You operate a charter plane, don't you?" asked Mr. Hawley, controlling his voice with an effort. "I'll charter it here and now. Five thousand dollars for a flight to Nassau or Miami, whichever is easier."

Lee whirled on him. "So I can be of some use to the great F. B. Hawley, can I?" he asked bleakly. "Big-hearted Lee Claflin, about to turn the other cheek so you can take another swing at it, eh?" He broke off and waited while the reverberations of another crashing sea died down within the room. Then, turning to Nancy, whose slim fingers still touched her lips: "As a husband, Nancy, I was a washout, an air jockey, no fit person to marry a Hawley, but—"

"You were never her husband!" her father shouted.

"Oh, yes, I was, from ten that morning until four that afternoon, when your hired judge annulled it and you disappeared with her where I couldn't find you." The floor shifted uneasily beneath Lee's feet. Mr. Hawley blanched and would have spoken, but Lee's gesture stopped him. "Listen, papa-in-law. I flew down here from Nassau just to have a little talk with you. It'll be the last one I'll ever have, because in a few hours you'll be dead. The seas will be knocking your house down pretty soon, so I'll speak my piece and run along."

"He's crazy, Mr. Hawley," Gillespie blurted.

"We'll go all over this when we get to Miami," suggested the father pacifically.

The house trembled as a roller smashed against the foundations. The shutters bulged perceptibly.

"We'll go over it right now," stated Lee grimly. "Just because I married Nancy, you set out to smash me. You had other plans for her, you said, so you broke up our marriage before it was a day old. And then you tried to break me, too. But with all your influence you couldn't quite do it, and—"

"And so you took to drinking," said Nancy, white-lipped.

LEE glanced sharply at her, but she was watching a ripple which ran across the carpet like a wave racing over a smooth pond. A loosened shutter somewhere upstairs began to beat a devil's tattoo. There was a tinkle of broken glass overhead.

"The house is breaking up!" cried Gillespie. "Lee, take—"

"Mr. Hawley," the flyer went on deliberately, "it was you, or your trained rat Gillespie, who started the rumor I was drunk when my plane killed two passengers. You had detectives trying to get something on me, so you knew I never touched the stuff. And you knew that the Department of Commerce inspectors had found the real cause of the wreck. There was a shoe jammed under the right rudder pedal where one of the passengers had wedged his foot when he got panicky just as we took off. You knew the investigation would clear me. But you and this paid liar of yours spread the word that I was a drunken pilot. And you've been spreading it ever since. Even when you heard that I was in Nassau last week, you took the trouble to repeat the story so nobody would forget it and ride with me."

"Daddy, is he telling the truth?" demanded Nancy.

"Does it matter?" Lee flung at her.

The house quivered under the terrific impact of a breaking sea. A picture toppled from the wall. Fragments of splintered glass slithered across the floor. Paul Gillespie trembled and tried to smooth down his tousled black hair.

"Of course he isn't telling the truth, Nancy!" he cried. "He was just drunk and the inspectors shielded him."

Lee Claflin advanced upon him, his fingers opening and closing spasmodically.

"Gillespie," he said, staring up into the taller man's eyes, "tell her you're a liar. Quick—tell her!"

Paul's right fist flew upward. There was a dull crack as the blow landed full on the flyer's chin. Lee's knees buckled. Falling, he heard Nancy's voice through a thick mist of pain:

"Oh, Paul, don't, don't!"

His head struck the floor. Sick and dizzy, he rolled over and began to push himself up on hands and knees. The room was spinning silently. Mr. Hawley was yelling:

"Paul! He's got to fly us away!"

Lee wanted to tell them that he'd never fly them away, but he knew he must put his whole mind on getting up. Now he was standing, lurching toward Paul. He met another crashing blow that numbed but did not hurt. His own fist battered against Paul's mouth, changing that sneering grin into a crimson-edged grimace. Paul's thick arms snaked around his neck. They were throttling him. Lee butted his head up into Paul's face. The arms fell away. He struck again and again.

NOW he and Paul were on the floor, whirling over and over on the rippling carpet, hammering with quick, vicious blows. A shutter, bulging inward, broke through a window. Rain, slashing into the room, poured over them, but it didn't seem important. The storm was a good thing, Lee thought. He could forget everything in the wild tide of violence that was sweeping over him. He was on top of Paul now, his two fists chopping down into that too handsome face, into that mouth that had helped to ruin his life. Queer, he thought, that Paul's pistonlike blows didn't hurt. But Paul's thumbs did, digging into his windpipe.

Something else had crashed now. The floor was wet and the wind was trying to prevent Lee from knocking Paul's hands from his throat. No, someone was tugging at his arm. It was Mr. Hawley. With a desperate jerk Lee freed his arm.

The hurricane had invaded the house. Things were leaping across the room, papers, rugs, books. But beneath Lee, wriggling like a snake, was Paul, Mr. Hawley's paid liar. His fingers were at Lee's face, clawing, gouging, scratching. He was Mr. Hawley's other self, this Paul. There was savage satisfaction in punching down into that twisted face, forgetting the plane, forgetting the storm, forgetting everything but the fact that here, beneath him, was the man who would have married Nancy.

Two strong arms flew around Lee's neck. A soft, warm body was dragging him off the flaccid Paul, who relaxed with a sigh and lay still. There was a scent in Lee's nostrils that he remembered. He lurched to his feet and stood swaying, steadied by Nancy's slim, competent hands.

"Quick, Lee, if we're going at all!" Mr. Hawley cried desperately.

But Lee wasn't listening. He wasn't listening to the rising howl of the wind either, nor to the confused sounds of destruction within the house. The only thing that came clearly to him was Nancy's clear young voice:

"Oh, Lee, I thought he'd kill you!"

"He thought he could, too," Lee said, trying to smile, "so he didn't tell you he was lying. I'll make him tell you."

"Lee, listen to me," Nancy said urgently. "Tell me before we're all killed. Are you married—were you already married that day when—"

"No," he answered dully. "Only to you, for six hours."

"No use trying to fly now," said Mr. Hawley despairingly. "Can't ever fly in this wind."

"So you lied to me, daddy!" Nancy said flatly. "He wasn't married at all. That's why you took me to California, so I wouldn't find out. He wasn't drunk, either."

He wasn't any of the things you said."

Lee, standing there, tried to tell himself that it didn't make any difference. It was time to tell them all good-by and to shove off in his plane. The timbers of the house were twanging like the strings of a titanic harp. The plane would be breaking loose before long. But Lee's legs wouldn't carry him to the door. Paul was stirring restlessly.

That was something definite to think about. When he rose, Lee would knock him down again.

"I didn't think," Mr. Hawley was saying miserably, "that you'd be happy with an—"

"—with an air jockey," Lee supplied automatically.

"—with an aviator," Nancy's father continued, "and I had to take action before I had time to think things out. Then—"

"What is wrong with aviators?" demanded Nancy indignantly.

"—when I really understood that you loved him, I just had to tell you things to try to make you stop loving him. I was in too deep and had to go on. I'd never learned to pick things up after I'd smashed them. It was always too easy to buy something else."

"So that's why you wanted me to marry Paul?" Nancy asked. "You thought perhaps he might do? Well, he wouldn't have done, even if Lee had never come back."

Lee's mind whirled with things he wanted to tell Nancy, but he couldn't seem to find the words. Everything had changed so in the past few minutes. He knew he ought to go right on hating Nancy's father, but it wasn't any fun hating a beaten old man who couldn't meet his daughter's eyes. And Paul. Paul was pushing himself to his feet now, but suddenly he had ceased to count. It was just a waste of time to go on hating him.

Why, Lee wondered, couldn't he think of the words he wanted to say to Nancy? It was much easier, he found, just to reach out and take her shoulders in his two hands. Her soft lips were parted; they were sweet against his own battered mouth. It was good to have them there after all this time.

SOMETHING scratched at Lee's wet leg. It was Toby, whining piteously, begging for attention. Lee didn't want to let Nancy go, but things were slowly coming back into focus.

"We'll be shoving off now," he said, lifting Toby.

Nancy's slim fingers were in his as they walked to the door. He had to drop them to help old Mr. Hawley down the steps. The plane was still down there, her engine spitting green and yellow flames into the wind. She was yawing wildly, but the bowline still held.

It was easy to carry Nancy through the knee-deep water between plane and shore. Lee placed her in the front seat and covered her with the tarpaulin.

"I won't go!" screamed Paul. "We'll crash and—"

Lee, leaning hard against the wind, grabbed his collar and boosted him into the rear seat beside Mr. Hawley.

No time to untie the bowline. He swarmed into the



A small terrier appeared on the runabout and barked hysterically.

cockpit and cut the rope. Instantly the flying boat began to drift, stern first, away from the palms. Lee turned to smile into Nancy's face, just visible above the stiff folds of the tarpaulin. She wasn't frightened. Shielded from the driving rain by the cowlings, she was looking up at him, calmly confident, serenely understanding.

He gave the growling engine full gun. This would be a man's fight, this coming battle with the tempest, and with Nancy beside him he just couldn't lose. For nearly five thousand hours of flying he had been practicing for this very battle; it didn't occur to him to question the outcome. It might be hard going for a while, but fifty miles away were diminishing winds.

The plane forged ahead. The palms at the other side of the cove grew larger, then dropped beneath the bow as the ship rocketed into the air. Wind clutched at the wings with a million fleecy fingers. She staggered, lurched, then, under the steady tug of Lee's hands at the wheel, began to climb. At fifty feet he held his breath and banked her. Pirate Cay, with its spume-topped fringe of breakers, swiveled as if on a hinge. The plane careened wildly, then straightened out, her shabby bow pointing toward Florida, beyond the outer edge of the circular storm.

Lee, glancing back across the flippers, saw the island vanish into the rain curtain astern. Something moved at his side. It was Toby, beneath the tarpaulin, snuggling hard up against him. Once again, briefly, Lee met Nancy's brave eyes. Her lips moved. The thundering engine blotted out the sound of her voice, but his eager eyes read the words on her lips: "Happy landings!"

THE END



An Open The Ameri

(Reading time: 16 minutes 10 seconds.)

MY DEAR FELLOW AMERICANS: I am aware that I am addressing through you the busiest man in the world today. But our President has asked for advice; and it so happens that for thirty years I have been dealing with the special problems which confront him and all of us today. Also, I can present the highest of all credentials—the one recognized by scientists as the final test of knowledge—that I have been able to predict the course of events. This fact stands in many volumes which I have published; and if I here recite this record, it will not be out of vainglory. In a crisis such as this, our country needs competent physicians, and if a man has special knowledge and can prove it, reticence is no virtue but a failure of duty.

In the spring of 1904, while Franklin Delano Roosevelt was being graduated from Harvard College, I published an Open Letter to Lincoln Steffens, in the course of which I analyzed the causes and consequences of our political and financial corruption, and foretold the crisis which is now upon us, in all its essentials. In 1906 I wrote a book, *The Industrial Republic*, which went into details as to what was coming, and why and how. To be sure, I foretold the breakdown for 1913; instead came the World War, which postponed it but made it more severe when it finally arrived. In 1922, in *The Book of Life*, and again in 1925, in *Letters to Judd*, I explained what was coming—and so clearly that in 1932, reprinting the latter book, I did not have to change an essential word. Our official economists in 1925 were writing about “the new capitalism,” and “permanent prosperity,” and “the liquidation of the business cycle.” Do you know a single one of them who would care to reprint at this day what he wrote about American business and financial prospects?

I will waste no time describing the troubles which are upon us. I am writing two weeks after the “holiday” whereby the President closed all the banks and kept them closed for twelve days. This bank holiday will cause our business index to drop to a new “low”; new factories will have to close, throwing more men out of work, and adding to the twelve millions of unemployed who constitute our gravest problem. These new millions, having no money to spend, will cease to consume, which in turn will reduce business, causing further deflation and loss of

Liberty's publication of this open letter does not mean necessarily that Liberty agrees with anything Mr. Sinclair has to say in it. But Mr. Sinclair is easily the country's most distinguished writing radical. He has given a lifetime to the study of economic problems. The unselfishness of his motives has never been seriously questioned, whatever may have been thought of his ideas. Liberty believes that in a time like this such a man is entitled to a hearing.

Here is the chief Socialist of America offering the Socialist program. We throw it open for discussion.

stock values, and in the end another “bank holiday.”

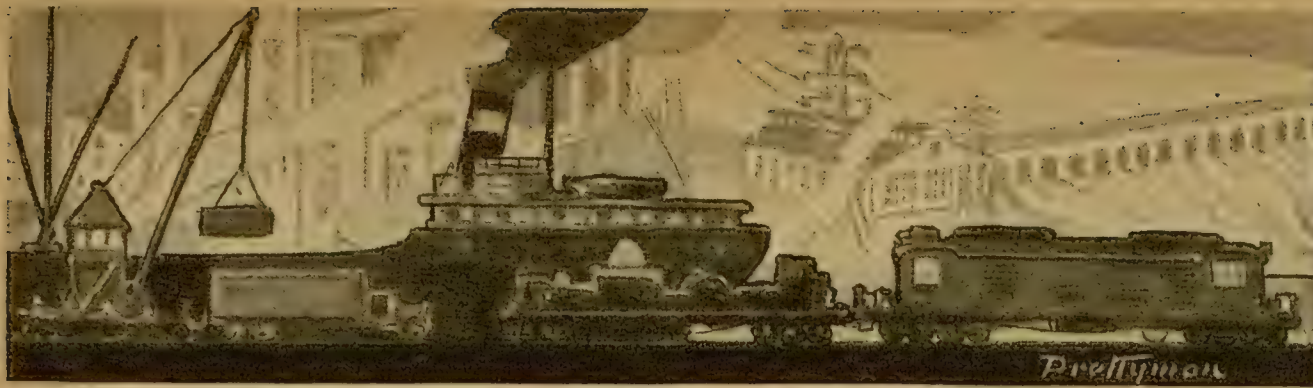
The problem, now recognized by all economists, is to break this vicious circle by restoring purchasing power to the consumers. The nature of the task will be more plain if we realize how inconsistent it is with the aim of business up to now, which has been to take as much purchasing power from the consumer as possible; the time-honored formula, “all that the traffic will bear.” The aim of “restoring” smacks more of

charity than of business; and the question at once arises, where is the new power to be taken from? No business man wishes to contribute his own; we note a unanimous agreement that the only power adapted to the purpose is that of the government.

Mr. Roosevelt's predecessor in office had the theory that the government should lend purchasing power to the banks and railroads, and that this would filter down to the masses. But it was discovered that the banks do not lend money unless they expect to get it back; the business man does not borrow money unless he sees a profit to be made; and where there are no consumers there can be no profits. Mr. Hoover was trying to restore the balance of a pair of scales by adding weight to the pan which was already overloaded.

The policies of the new administration are in process of being announced; but the emergency is so extreme that it is necessary to begin thinking about new measures before the first have failed. I am writing in the conviction that all the measures so far revealed by the President are not even palliatives; they will not postpone the crisis for a few days; they are plasters put upon a cancer.

What is it that has happened in our country? By a process which is the very essence of our competitive system, the profits of industry have flowed into a few hands; they have become concentrated in one part of our social body. A vast mass of our people have no purchasing power whatever, and no way of getting any. It is like a gigantic game of poker—of “freeze out.” Those



Letter to can People

players who lose their chips become spectators of the game. But in the game of life men cannot become mere spectators; they have to eat and hide from the cold and rain. They live on their savings, then on their relatives and friends; then they become hobos and bums; they take to crime, to agitation; they make riots and, in the end, revolutions. Putting aside questions of humanity, and thinking merely of the safety of the state, in a democracy such as ours it is impossible to let twelve or fifteen mil-

lions of would-be workers be "frozen out" of industry. What is Mr. Roosevelt going to do? First, to balance the budget. He is going to save half a billion dollars that way. For every dollar that he saves he must cut down the pay of some public servant, and to that extent reduce him as a consumer of goods. Or it is to be taken from the pay of veterans. From the point of view of economics, it does not matter whether any particular veteran deserves it or not; the fact remains that each veteran is a consumer, and to the extent that his compensation is cut down the trouble is increased.

Then the President is going to give half a billion as a dole. He is a man who faces facts, and won't care to hide it under some other name. The fact that the budget program and the relief program each involves the same amount of money is unfortunate, because it enables me to point out that a great many persons are being deprived of a chance to earn money, and then being given the same amount of money in the form of charity.

Next, our farmers. Mr. Hoover's idea was a Farm Board, to buy food products in the open market and so maintain prices. The speculators, not the farmers, got most of the benefit; but that was according to our system. It cost us \$350,000,000, and in the end the Farm Board had to dump its products, and leave the farmer worse off than before. Now it appears that the new policy is to raise the price of products by taxing the consumer; that is what it comes to, and it is what our government has been doing for the manufacturers by the device of the

*Here Is What a Leading
Socialist Proposes—Can
You Spot His Mistake?*

By

UPTON
SINCLAIR

tariff. A subsidy of \$800,000,000 will certainly help the farmers; but what will it do to the consumers, and to the total consuming power of the country? Can we all grow rich by taxing ourselves to give subsidies to ourselves?

THEN the New Deal expects to avoid the glut of farm products by renting the marginal land from the farmers and keeping it out of use. I point out, first, that we have a glut of food merely because hungry people have no money to buy it. To stop the producing is as antisocial an act as to let the food rot on the ground or to dump it into the bay, as is happening all over our land. Second, I ask what is going to happen when the business men hear about that wonderful idea of rent for unused land? How long will it be before they begin to clamor

for rent on their unused factories and machines? How about rent for bankrupt landlords on unoccupied houses? Once more, a subsidy for everybody and going into debt to ourselves to pay it!

Next, 250,000 idle men are to be put to work at reforestation and other public work. That is fine—as a two-per-cent solution of the problem. We have fifty times as many idle men as it is proposed to employ, and before the plan is in full effect we are apt to have a hundred times as many.

Next, the utilizing of Muscle Shoals and development of the Tennessee valley. Again I say, hurrah! But what will the private power companies say? Power production in our country is now 60 per cent of normal. What will happen to it when the government begins to compete? Also, the government is going to build fertilizer factories and other means of utilizing power. What is going to happen to the private concerns which face this competition? What will happen to their securities, and to the banks and insurance companies which hold these securities as investments?

And then there is beer. This affords an easy method of taxing the people; but still more could have been got by repealing the law against lotteries and taxing the winners. It is quite true that beer will stimulate some industries, such as brewing and bottle-making, but it will depress other industries, dollar for dollar—bread-baking, milk-growing, and shoes for children—so that the net gain as to employment will be exactly zero.

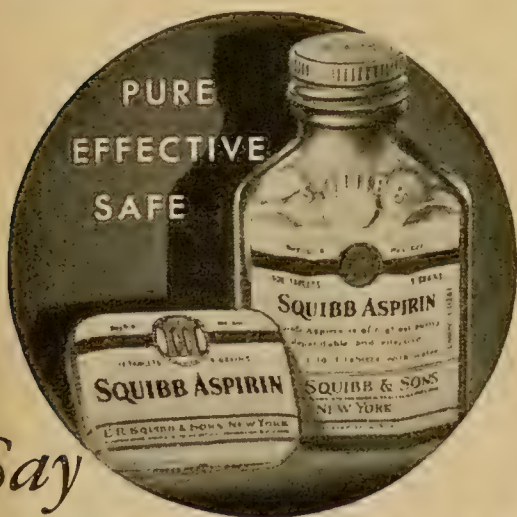
ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 27

- 1—About fifteen miles east of Atlanta, Georgia.
- 2—Watertown, Massachusetts.
- 3—A mythical angel who watched over the dying, and separated the soul from the body.
- 4—Sir John A. Macdonald.
- 5—He was astronomer to the sultan, foremost mathematician of his day, and he reformed the Moslem calendar.
- 6—The founder of the State of Georgia.
- 7—Lacrosse.
- 8—The lotus.
- 9—An oxlike antelope, with twisted horns, native to South Africa.
- 10—A mound or ridge of loose sand heaped up by the wind.
- 11—The popular name given to that part of the Battle of Chattanooga in which Lookout Mountain was captured.
- 12—The conservative Whig faction in New York who approved Fillmore's Compromise of 1850.
- 13—Mark Twain.
- 14—A center of the sympathetic nervous system, situated in the abdomen.
- 15—In 1741, when New York bakers protested an ordinance regulating the price of bread.
- 16—The creation of a fund, through taxation or interest, to pay off obligations.
- 17—A great fissure or crack which may form in rocks or mountain glaciers.
- 18—A thin layer of valuable wood glued to furniture or cabinetwork to make a more attractive surface.
- 19—Rudyard Kipling.
- 20—The oldest son of President Lincoln.

The Answer to the Aspirin Question

(question on page 27)

More and more thousands of people are saying: "Squibb Aspirin, please!" because they have learned by experience to trust implicitly any product sponsored by E. R. Squibb & Sons. They know that, even though they usually pay less for Squibb Aspirin than for other advertised brands, they are getting the highest quality aspirin it is possible to produce. Therefore, for your own safety—



**"SQUIBB
ASPIRIN,
Please!"**

Such are the plans of our President as revealed to date of writing. We are in a boat drifting down upon a rapid; he is rowing against the current as hard as he can; and the total effect of his efforts will not equal the power of the current, and he will not hold the boat where it is.

What is this current which has us in its grip? It is the competitive system of industry. Each of us against all the others, we compete for money and for chances to make money, and the strongest win, solidify their positions, and are able to get more and more, until there comes to be a class which draws to itself the greater part of the product of industry. That automatic tendency of the system to give more and more to those who have, and to take away from those who have not, has produced a state of congestion, and the rate of the process continues to accelerate every day.

In my Open Letter to Lincoln Stephens I took the case of \$46,000,000 stolen from the public in one swindle in Amalgamated Copper. I pointed out that those stolen millions were just as good in Wall Street as any other millions. I estimated that they would grow at the rate of 10 per cent a year, a moderate increase for millions thus entrenched. That I did not exaggerate was proved by the enormous profits made in copper during the World War. In the twenty-nine years which have passed, that sum has grown to something like three quarters of a billion dollars; and under our system every one of those dollars stands on an equal footing, claiming interest, dividends, profits—and bringing industry to a standstill when its claims are not honored. Is it not evident that such piling up of debt at compound interest cannot go on forever?

It has been calculated that our debt at the present time stands at some two hundred and fifty billions of dollars. Taking the interest rate of 6 per cent—a fair average for all bank loans, bonds, and mortgages—we have a fixed charge of close to one third of our present national income. When our income is no longer equal to paying this fixed charge, what will happen? The answer is: Look about you.

YOU see, all these charges depend ultimately upon profits; and these in turn depend upon the consumer. When the amount paid to the consumer, in the form of wages, is too small in relation to the amount due as interest and the amount expected as profits, there is no longer enough to go around, and some industries come to a halt. Taking the year 1923 as 100 per cent, wages have declined from 95 per cent in 1929 to 45 per cent in 1932; real wages, that is, adjusted to the cost of living, declined from 96 per cent to 53 per cent. At the same time dividends rose from 100 per cent in 1923 to 212 per cent in 1929, and only since 1931 have they begun a slight decline.

When an industry shuts down because of lack of consumers of its

products, this throws more men out of jobs and starts the vicious circle already described. The effect would be gradual but for the element of speculation, which depends upon human psychology. There is a boom, during which we are told that we have solved the problem of permanent prosperity; we rush in to buy, and bid up prices; we introduce installment selling, using up six billion dollars of the consuming capacity of the future. Then suddenly comes a break, and we fly to the other extreme.

We are then told that what is needed is a restoration of confidence. But Mr. Roosevelt has just seen that tried and it failed. Everybody was sure he was going to fix everything, and when the stock exchanges opened, after the bank holidays, there was a tremendous rush to buy. But it petered out in two or three days. And why? Because there is a real absence of real purchasing power among the masses.

WE Americans put ourselves upon half rations for a century, and put most of our surplus into the building of new industries, here and all over the world. Is it not evident that sooner or later such a process will come to an end; that we will have the means of producing more than we have money to buy? Can we expect to go on forever expanding plants? And when we stop, what is to be done with our surplus?

We have got out of other such crises after long suffering. Why can't we get out of this one? The answer is that in the old days we had the frontier, new land to develop, but now that is all gone. Also, we have now machinery and technique beyond anything ever known. Again, there are a score of foreign lands, each able to produce a huge surplus and seeking a nonexistent market. We have a mass of money due us from abroad, and no way to get it, because we dare not take their goods for fear of throwing our own people out of work.

I do not deny that we may get partial relief from this crisis if we are willing to wait long enough and pay the price. We have fifteen million surplus workers, most of whom will never have jobs again under the profit system. If we feed them, we incur a debt which may break us, and certainly will weaken our financial structure. On the other hand, if we let them starve, they will revolt. What we can do is to feed them just enough to keep them quiet but weak; we can get them back to work again, a few at a time, after we have squeezed out the water from our securities and put half our big corporations through bankruptcy. That is what Mr. Roosevelt is asked to do by everyone who comes from Wall Street to advise him. As one who speaks for humanity, not for vested privilege, I point out that this is a rather cruel and also extremely dangerous program. Does the man now in the Presidency want to be another Hoover?

There is the device of inflation. By this means our total debt can be reduced and trade stimulated for a while. It is like a shot of dope to a sick man: it helps him for the moment, but then he needs another dose and a stronger one. The end of the process is another depression, worse than the last.

There is the device of war. This will start trade, build up debts, and in the end bring the biggest crash of all. The law of our day is that every nation defeated in war goes bolshevik; those which are victorious go fascist.

My hope is that Mr. Roosevelt, a man of clear vision and democratic sympathies, can be brought to realize that our old system is outworn and that there is a new way of plenty and happiness before us. Here we have this marvelous producing plant complete and ready to go to work. Why not put it to work?

The answer is that under the present system the factories belong to private owners, who must see a profit in sight before they will let the workers in. But suppose we should take over these idle factories, paying government bonds for them, and putting all the workers at the task of producing goods for themselves and for one another? Suppose that instead of a beggarly competitive wage we paid them the full value of what they produced; then they would have the means to buy back what they produced, and consumption would balance production and our economic life could boom forever. Why not?

It would take much money to buy them, it may be objected. Well, the longer we wait the less it will take. It is merely a question of how long the people will consent to starve themselves before they act. All of us know how it happened in Russia; and when that starts in America it will be no picnic. Mr. Roosevelt has made large public promises and simply dares not delay forever to keep them. He is going to be President for four years, if he lives, and I don't believe our old system can last that long, except with the help of a world war. Sooner or later he is going to be driven to start the new system; and I ask, why not sooner? If he does it he will be President for eight years and the most loved man in American history.

I point out that if he takes the industries he can fix the interest rate on the bonds; also he can pare down the amount of the charge by not making the bonds tax-free. He can pare down the debt by an inheritance tax, and wipe it out in one or two generations. By that time it will be realized that the world is no longer one in which there is any need to heap up treasures for one's children; there will be comfortable and decent jobs for everybody, and it is certain that idleness is the worst enemy of the young. Mr. Roosevelt might have been a parasite all his

life, but he preferred hard work, and my guess is that he has taught that idea to his family.

The difficult part is not the taking over of industry, but the decision to take it over. It means a break with the past, and that takes courage.

Consider the Tennessee project, for example. How foolish to go on developing a set of new plants when we already have more of every kind of plant than we need! Why not use the ones we have? Will the President build a government steel plant while we are only using 16 per cent of our existing means of making steel? He can put our existing industry to work and be forever blessed.

He can issue a decree that any plant which has been idle more than a certain time is declared public property, as a measure of public safety. He can put in a "conservator," not of money but of human welfare, and start things going!

I have to make plain that Mr. Roosevelt cannot do anything of this sort until he is prepared to "go the whole hog." Lincoln told us that a nation could not exist half slave and half free, and it is equally true that it cannot exist half capitalist and half socialized. Public industry will put private industry out of business everywhere it is given a chance today. Open up the post-office banks, let us have checking accounts there, and how long would it be before every private bank had to close its doors? If he'll give us a chance we'll show him!

That is how the President can get the money to put this job through. It is the great crime of our day that credit, the lifeblood of in-

dustry, should be a means of speculation, should be used by the few for their enrichment and the impoverishment of the many. The President can take that great public function and use it for all of us; then take the flood of money which we will pour in upon him, and use it to clear our slums and build us decent homes. Let's take over privately owned forests and stop the waste of timber. Take the oil and stop a crime against the future, the destruction of this precious asset. Take the railroads, carry the wheat to the starving people in the cities and pay the farmers by shoes and clothing made in government factories, as postage stamps are made and sold today.

Plenty for all of us, fellow Americans; and for the man who confers this boon upon us such paeans of rapture as have never yet been heard by mortal man! For the greater part of my lifetime I have been seeing this vision and dreaming this dream, and now it is coming to reality—whether Mr. Roosevelt does it, or whether his nerve fails and he leaves it for some new and bolder soul. The hour is here, and we must go forward or perish. Make your wishes known, fellow citizens!

THE END

WHY SINCLAIR IS ALL WRONG

A Reply to
This Article by
BERNARR MACFADDEN



"There is no reason," Mr. Macfadden declares, "for marching in the goose step of Socialism, which has not yet proved its ability to create a civilization. Every great civilization we know is based upon competition, the lifeblood of Democracy. America was cradled in Democracy. The primitive democratic virtues and individual initiative which helped us through other crises will save us once more in our war with the Depression!"

Read this ringing answer to America's
foremost Socialist

In Liberty Next Week

Scarlet

*Storm Clouds Gather as
the Crisis Nears in This
Stirring Novel of Today*

know how to fix precisely the social status of a paroled convict.

Bill Vernon was a picturesque figure, and he was no less intriguing now while the shadow of prison walls still enveloped him. As always he was gentle, courteous, and—save in his contact with Judith—unobtrusive. His black eyes were expressive, and they turned gratefully upon anyone who had a kindly word to say. He seemed to apologize with look and gesture for this intrusion upon the town's decency. He was a consummate actor—and therefore became instantly a figure more romantic than sinister.

Once again—though this time indirectly—Judith Grainger was performing a great public service. The little town, weary to death of discussing the depression, seized eagerly upon this ultra-choice morsel of gossip.

Certainly the topic was inexhaustible. Bill's manner, cleverly designed to enlist sympathy, did just exactly that. Romantically starved females

*"Grainger is going to take
over the mills before May."*

(Reading time: 18 minutes 55 seconds.)

THIS is the story of Judith and Eddie Grainger's fight against the gossip and revenge of a small town. Judith, employed in the Karnak State Bank, runs away and marries Bill Vernon, only to find that he is a bigamist. She returns to Karnak and Kurt Weigand, who owns the bank, gives her back her job. The gossips, led by Lisbeth Morrow, start a campaign to run her out of town, and Eddie, the ne'er-do-well and Judith's childhood sweetheart, offers to marry her and she accepts. Weigand dies and leaves the bank, which controls the county, to Judith. The rough element start a run when Judith makes Eddie the president. The bank survives and becomes stronger. Lefty Bragan, Sheriff Kolker, and others plan to get rid of Eddie and have Bill Vernon released from prison on parole. Vernon returns to Karnak with orders to annoy Judith until Eddie is goaded into drawing a gun and then to shoot him. He approaches Judith under the eyes of half the town and in spite of her protests walks home with her.

PART EIGHT—VERNON FORCES HIS HAND

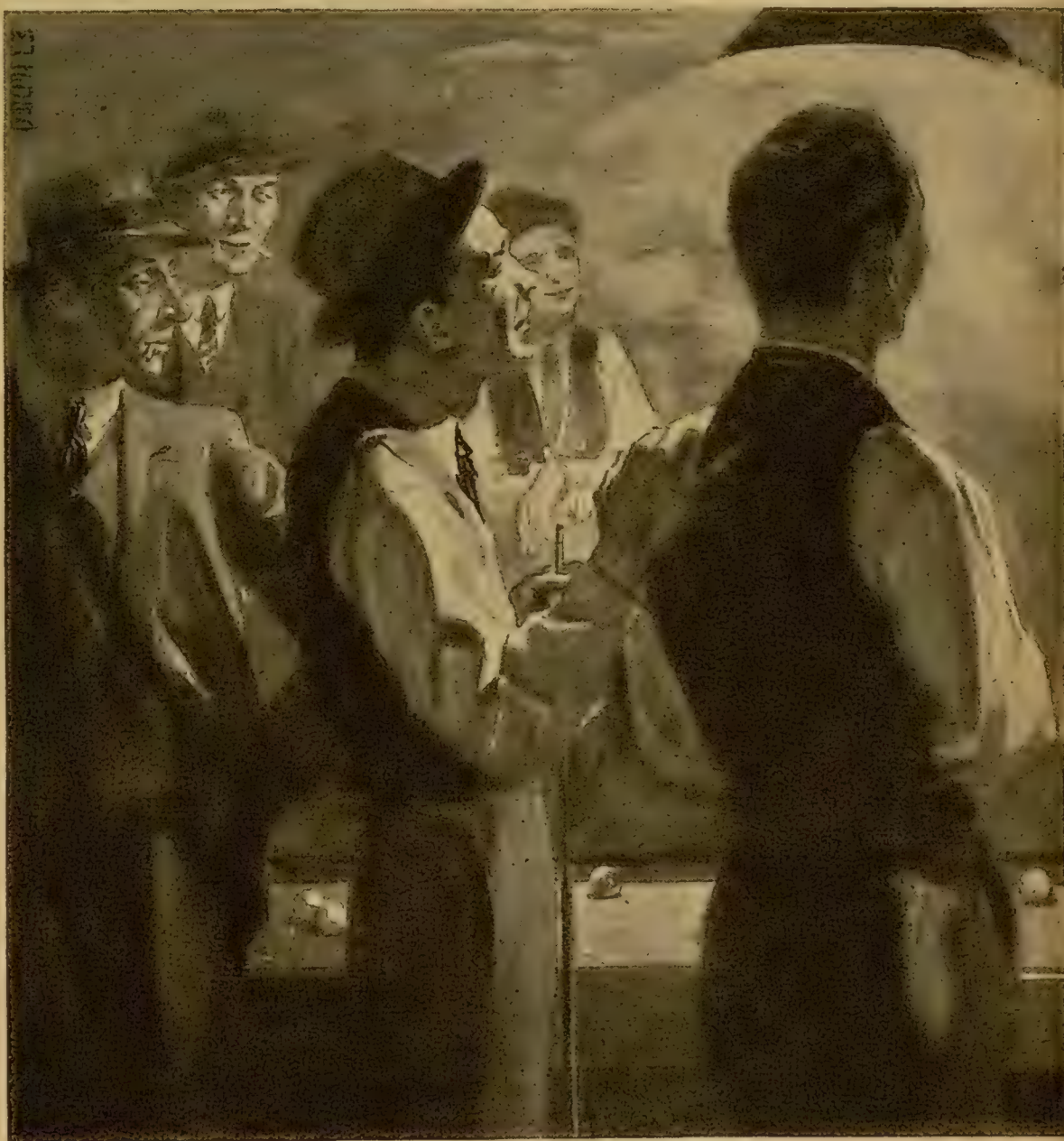
JUDITH entered the cottage and went straight to her room. Gracious Foster, the chubby cook, stared after her, then made a comment to Mr. Clinic Jones, who was engaged in cleaning the silver:

"Lawsy me, Clinic—did you see Mis' Grainger when she come thoo heah?"

"Uh-huh," answered Clinic; "I sho' did."

"She looked," commented Gracious, "like she had just met up with a whole covey of ghos'es!"

Karnak found itself faced by a weighty and well-nigh undeterminable problem: it did not



Woman

By OCTAVUS
ROY COHEN

Illustrations by STOCKTON MULFORD

found themselves voicing excuses for whatever Bill might have done. He had sinned, but he had also paid for that sin; and while it was agreed that perhaps his return to Karnak was not in the best of taste, still the citizens of Karnak had been taught that a great love justified many things.

Lisbeth Morrow sniffed the air with the eagerness of a keen bird dog on the first frosty morning of the partridge season. She girded her none too ample loins for battle, having neither forgotten nor forgiven Judith's rejection of her social overtures. She made the mistake, however, of discussing the matter with her husband.

"I believe," declared Lisbeth, "that Judith still loves Bill Vernon."

"That's her business."

"She must have loved him in the first place or she wouldn't have run off with him. And he must love her or he wouldn't risk public scorn by returning here."

"Did it ever occur to you, Lisbeth, to keep your nose out of business that doesn't concern you?"

"Why, Quincy Morrow! How dare you talk to me like that?"

"I dare a good many things, Lisbeth. It was your vicious gossip which put me where I am today."

"And just where are you?"

"On the edge of financial ruin—that's where."

"You talk absurdly."

"You think so? Well, let me tell you this: Unless something causes him to change his mind, Eddie Grainger is going to take over the mills before May."

"He couldn't! He wouldn't dare!"

Quincy Morrow shrugged. "There are none so blind—"

"What's that?"

"Nothing."

"You're always saying senseless things; mumbling to yourself. A man of your standing and age frightened by a pair of irresponsible children! I'm ashamed of you, Quincy Morrow. And so far as I'm concerned I can't see why Bill Vernon is still so much in love with Judith."

"Of course you believe he is."

"Certainly. Why else would he return to Karnak?"

"He might have heard about Judith's inheritance."

"What has that to do with it?"

"He *could* be contemplating blackmail."

"Now *you're* the one with the nasty mind, Quincy Morrow."

"I probably am. I'm questioning the motives of a convict."

"He wouldn't have been a convict if it hadn't been for Judith."

"No-o?"

"Of course not. If she hadn't married him he couldn't have committed bigamy with her, could he?"

"Logical, to say the least, my dear. But I still insist that Bill Vernon is a dangerous, undesirable person and should be run out of town."

"And I suppose you think Judith and Eddie are just perfect!"

"I do."

Lisbeth made a gesture of hopeless resignation. "At times, Quincy, you don't even talk sense. I think this depression has affected your mental balance."

"I wouldn't be surprised," he answered quietly. "I wouldn't be a bit surprised."

KARNAK divided itself into two groups on the subject of Vernon's return. One group thought it was disgraceful; the other described it as "thrilling." Sober-minded citizens discussed the situation seriously and with much shaking of heads. Older men remembered Willis Grainger, Eddie's father, when he was young. "He was awful slow to get mad," they said; "but hell and high water couldn't scare him away from what he thought was right."

Those interested primarily in the romantic phase delved into Judith's picturesque history. They questioned whether she really loved Eddie. After all, her marriage to him had been one of convenience. They were pleased to believe that she had married him only to escape from the disgrace she had brought upon herself by being the unwitting victim of the crime of bigamy. If that were the case—and only Lying Bill Parker attested to amorous scenes in the Grainger cottage—then there was the possibility that she was still in love with Vernon.

There was considerable conjecture as to what Eddie would do and when he would do it. It was generally agreed that the town was destined to be the scene of some real drama, and Karnak as a whole was frightened and eager. Tony Marino, in whose

The poolroom gang was enjoying itself. Its comment was enthusiastic.





Judith entered the cottage and went straight to her room. Gracious Foster, the chubby cook, stared after her.

grocery the meeting had occurred, held the spotlight for a few brief hours. Signor Marino expressed definite opinions:

"Judith, she is one-a fine-a lady. But thees Beel Vernon, he was too dam' polite."

The poolroom gang was enjoying itself hugely. Its comment was enthusiastic.

Of primary importance was Bill Vernon's ease of manner. There was a guy for you: comin' right back here to the town where folks knew him; talkin' to Judith on the streets; walkin' home with her; askin' for trouble and most likely going to get it.

Vernon sauntered about the streets that evening, forcing himself on no one, assuming an attitude of humble

gratitude for any greeting. He was quite impressive.

To those few who chatted with him—timidly—he vouchsafed no word about himself. Folks found themselves feeling sorry for the tall, lonely, sad-eyed man.

Briefly, and much later that night, Bill Vernon and Lefty Bragan met on the veranda of the Karnak Hotel.

Said Lefty: "Good work, Bill."

Vernon smiled. "I thought it was pretty good."

"Kinda knocked Judith off her feet, didn't you?"

"Are you telling me?"

"Keep after her."

"I figured that out long ago." Vernon smiled broadly. "I'm having a lovely time, Lefty—a perfectly lovely time."

Thaddeus Harde, owner and editor of the Karnak County Gazette, a weekly newspaper, was in a quandary. News was popping under his eyes, and Thaddeus had once been an excellent newspaper man.

The whole town was discussing Bill Vernon's return; the whole town would logically expect to read something about it in the next issue of the Gazette.

Thaddeus was undecided what to say or whether to say it. He was an old man, lanky and stooped, but he prided himself on the fact that no local item escaped his columns.

Eventually he reached a decision; seated himself at a battered typewriter and composed an item for his social column:

Mr. William Vernon returned to Karnak this week after a visit to the capital. He was greeted warmly by many of his friends.

CLINIC JONES was helping Gracious with the dinner dishes, in payment for which he anticipated the privilege of escorting her home. They talked in whispers.

"Did you observe Mistuh Eddie tonight, Gracious?"

"Did I? Why, Clinic, tha's the one thing I didn't do nothin' else but."

"Lookin' sort of peculiar, wasn't he?"

"He sho' was."

"On account of which, you reckon?"

"Always you ast me questions, Clinic, when a'ready you know the answers. Maybe you is tryin' to tell me 'bout that white-trash Mistuh Vernon comin' back to town."

"Uh-huh. Nor neither that ain't all, Gracious."

"What ain't all?"

"Him returnin' back to Karnak. He brung Miss Judith home this evenin'."

"Fum where?"

"I don't know fum where. I on'y know to where. An' that was heah."

"You mean they walked right to this house together?"

"Uh-huh. You seen Miss Judith yo'se'f. Said she looked like she had met up with a ghos'."

"That must be why Mistuh Eddie was seemin' so bright-eyed tonight.

Like he was thinkin' 'bout somethin' else besides what he was discussin'."

Mr. Jones touched a plump black arm. "Tha's what I's doin' right this minute, Gracious."

"Untouch me, long boy. Us got to git these dishes washed."

Gracious busied herself industriously for a few moments, then delivered herself of a pronouncement:

"Mistuh Vernon ain't no good."

"Ev'ybody knows that."

"He means trouble."

"I reckon that ain't no news, neither."

"What you s'pose he's fixin' to do?"

"I dunno, Gracious. Nor neither Miss Judith don't know, an' she's worried."

Clinic carried some silver into the dining room, arranged it neatly in the top drawer of the buffet, and tiptoed back to the kitchen with a whispered report:

"Mistuh Eddie is just sittin' there tryin' to look clam."

"What's he sayin'?"

"He ain't sayin' nothin', Gracious—an' he's sayin' it constant. Le's us git out of heah. White folks is cravin' to talk, but they won't commence until after us has exodusted."

BUT even after the servants had departed Eddie did not mention the subject which was uppermost in the minds of both. His eyes were unnaturally bright, the lines at the corners of his mouth just a shade deeper than usual. And now Judith mentioned the afternoon's shock—trying to make her comment sound casual.

"Did you hear that Bill Vernon returned to town today?"

Eddie felt a sense of relief. The introduction of the subject served to

lighten the tension. He answered cautiously:

"Yes—I knew."

"Who told you?"

"Brother Tidball."

"Did he mention my meeting with Bill?"

"He said something about it."

"What?"

"Oh, nothing special. Just said you two had happened to meet—"

Judith bit her lip.

"We're supposed to be intelligent, aren't we, Eddie?"

"Why, yes."

"Then why can't we talk openly and honestly?"

EDDIE rose impulsively, crossed the room, and put his hands on her cheeks. "Good girl!" he said. "Let's do!"

He returned to his easy-chair, lighted a pipe, and smiled at her. She felt grateful. Briefly she described her meeting with Bill Vernon. She forbore to tell him of Bill's protestations of affection, though she did confess her fear that she had not seen the last of him.

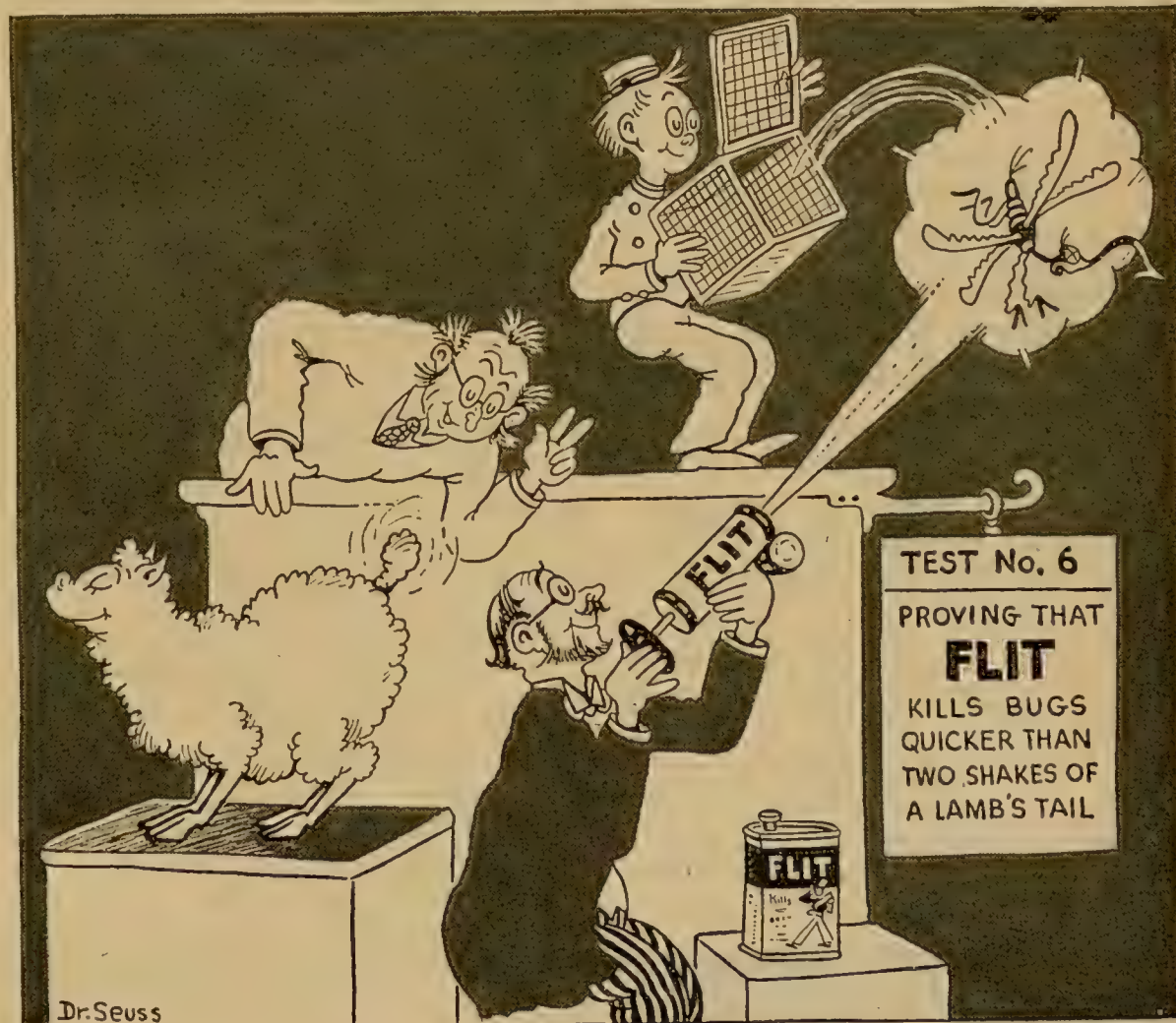
"Frankly, Eddie, I'm worried."

Eddie smiled. "There's nothing we can do about it now, Judith. So long as he doesn't violate the terms of his parole—and chooses to remain—why, just so long we will have to adjust ourselves to his being here."

"I'm trying to figure," she said slowly—"I'm trying to figure out why he returned. He despised the town when he was here before—and he certainly wouldn't select a community where everybody knew he was on parole from the penitentiary unless he had something in mind."

Eddie spoke gently: "Can't you guess?"

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Dr. Scholl's Solvex

"You mean you think he might still be in love with me?"

"It's possible, Judith."

"But he never was in love with me—never!"

"You're sure?"

"I'm sure—that is, I don't believe he was." She looked down at Mr. Einstein snoring happily on the rug. "That's a subject we've never discussed much, Eddie—my life with Bill Vernon. You've helped me to forget it. It's something I wanted to forget."

"You cared for him, didn't you?"

"At first—of course—or I wouldn't have married him."

"Perhaps he thinks you still care."

She answered—regretting the words before she finished speaking them: "Perhaps you think so too."

"I—I'm not exactly in a position to think very much about it, Judith."

"I despise him! He's low and rotten and common. It didn't take me long to learn that. But he frightens me."

Eddie fumbled with a match. "He might really be in love with you, Judith. I could understand that. Or he might have another reason for returning here."

"Money?"

"Yes. He knows of your inheritance."

"I asked him his price for getting out of town, and he denied that he wanted money."

"I'd rather you didn't offer to pay him—not again, at any rate."

"I want him to leave Karnak."

"So do I. But paying blackmail isn't going to help. It never does. He might leave—for a while. But he'd come back—again and again."

She clenched her tiny hands. "I'm afraid of what might happen if he stays here, Eddie."

"Afraid of what?"

"Of you."

He smiled disarmingly. "You needn't be afraid of me, Dutch."

"But I am, just the same. Suppose Bill continues to force himself on me?"

EDDIE considered the question gravely. "Of course that couldn't be permitted."

"How would you stop it?"

"I don't know. But it would have to be stopped."

She rose and stood before him, her body vibrant with nervousness and apprehension.

"Has it occurred to you that that is just what he might be looking for?"

"Yes."

"Listen, Eddie. I know Bill. He's rotten and cheap and he's petty. But, Eddie, he has courage! He isn't afraid of anything or anybody."

"I knew that," said Eddie, "the minute I heard he had come back."

"He means trouble. Just how or why I don't know—and neither do you. But he knows! And I thought of something else. You'll get no protection from the sheriff. Gantt Kolker hates you."

"He's justified, don't you think?"

"That doesn't solve our problem."

Oh! It's fine of you, Eddie, to pretend that you're not worried—but you should be worried."

He regarded her gravely. "I'm very happy, Judith, that you are worried. Or perhaps that sounds wrong. I mean that I'm glad you're concerned about me." He made a helpless gesture. "Every word I say makes it worse. What I'm driving at is this: I'm glad you're thinking about me, and I want you to quit worrying. Things really aren't half as bad as you think. And the best thing you can do is to forget Bill Vernon."

"Rather easy to say, isn't it, Eddie?"

"A cinch. And it'll be easy to do, too, once you set your mind to it."

"I wonder—"

"And I wonder, too, Judith." Eddie's smile was quick and infectious. "Perhaps, without meaning to, Bill is doing us a service."

She came close to him and stood there proudly.

"There isn't any problem between us, Eddie—except in your imagination. You know that I—"

Then she paused, for it occurred to her what Eddie was thinking. And so she sighed and turned away, because at the moment they seemed very far apart. That much Bill Vernon already had accomplished.

ONE week had passed and Karnak was becoming accustomed to the situation, though it was no less interested than it had been at first. Here a choice scandal was being enacted in public places. Judith had small chance to avoid the ubiquitous Mr. Vernon. There are few streets in Karnak; a journey from the Grain-ger cottage to the Karnak State Bank afforded no great choice of routes.

Of course the town was properly shocked. It agreed that God had joined Judith and Eddie together, but it wondered also whether Brother Tidball's marriage-service admonition that no man should try to put them asunder was being strictly observed. The town wondered also whether Eddie was blind—or afraid. Yet somehow the more thoughtful citizens had a feeling that Eddie was merely waiting.

As a matter of fact Eddie's knowledge of the situation was far less comprehensive than it was supposed to be. He usually preceded Judith to the bank and returned home after she did. Enemies dared not broach the subject to him, and friends were reluctant.

Judith was afraid. Knowing Vernon, she had tried to think as he was thinking—to figure for herself the motive for his return.

The results of her analysis were disturbing. She had discarded her initial theory, which was that he had heard of her inheritance and had come back to blackmail her. A half dozen times she had begged him to name a price, to accept it, and to leave town.

On each occasion he had favored her with a melancholy smile and declared that, despite past transgressions, he had not sunk so low as to accept money from the only woman he had ever loved. At first she hadn't believed that he cared for her. Recently she had found herself wondering. She hated the man—but the suspicion that he might really care for her made her a trifle more compassionate than she otherwise would have been.

And then Bill Vernon became more importunate. He was standing in front of Goss & Williams' Hardware Store when she left Marino's grocery one afternoon and started for home. He stepped into her path and doffed his hat. A half dozen pedestrians listened eagerly.

"I'm in a hurry, Bill," she said nervously.

He smiled cheerfully. "Surely you can spare me just a few minutes, can't you, sweetheart?"

He accompanied her down Court Street.

"That was rotten, Bill."

"What?"

"Calling me sweetheart."

"I'm sorry. It just slipped out."

"Being sorry doesn't help me. The damage is done! Oh, why can't you let me alone?"

"You really hate me, don't you, dear?"

"Yes. And I'm afraid."

"Of what?"

"You know as well as I do, Bill. The town is buzzing with gossip. Eddie isn't blind—and he is my husband."

"Eddie?" Vernon dismissed him with a laugh. "I don't think we need worry about Eddie."

"But I *am* worried about him. There's bound to be trouble."

"I'd be sorry for that," lied Bill. "Very sorry."

Within the hour everybody in Karnak knew that Bill Vernon had called Judith "sweetheart."

"Just a case of illicit love," snapped Lisbeth Morrow.

"Rot!" snapped Quincy Morrow.

"There's bound to be trouble," gloated Lisbeth.

"Yes," agreed Quincy soberly. "For once you haven't exaggerated."

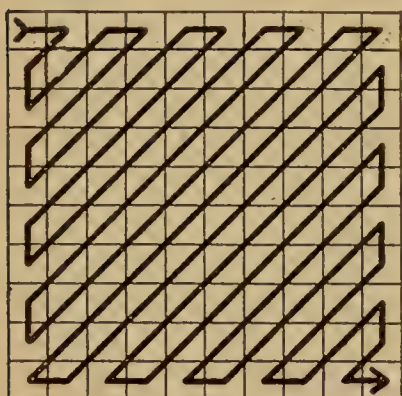
THE next day Vernon emerged from Dave Levy's Novelty Shop as Judith was passing. Loudly, so that no bystander could fail to hear, he accosted her: "Don't be in such a hurry, darling."

She felt cold inside. People stared at them—smiled and smirked and curled their lips and arched their eyebrows. She knew he was cleverly creating the impression that she was having an affair with him.

The following day Vernon was even bolder. He was waiting for her outside the bank. News of their encounter within forty feet of Eddie Grainger's office swept through the town. Lying Bill Parker, who happened to be passing, declared that he had seen Eddie looking at them through the window, and that his face was white "jest like marble." But because Lying Bill was authority for this statement nobody believed it—which was rather ironic, because it happened to be true.

Lying Bill might also have mentioned—had he known—that Eddie Grainger sat stiffly in his swivel chair and stared hard at the opposite wall. There was nothing boyish about his face then. And it was at that inauspicious moment that Quincy Morrow entered the room.

In next week's installment you will read of what Eddie told Quincy Morrow and of a new plan of Lefty Bragan to kill Eddie.



YARDLEYGRAM ANSWER

LAST WEEK'S PROBLEM

Drawing your pencil line as indicated at left will give you this message:

In the mysterious spy school in Antwerp German secret agents were taught how to write their messages in invisible ink.



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William F. Ingold, Manager



142 recipes

FOR HOT WEATHER MEALS

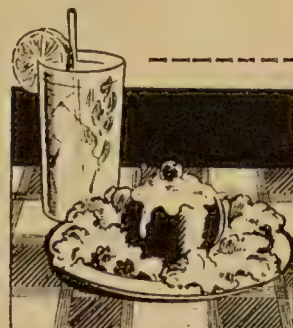
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For the enclosed 10¢ send me a copy of Liberty's "Hot Weather Recipes."

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COVER TITLE PRIZE WINNERS FOR APRIL 22

\$50 FIRST PRIZE

LEWIS N. LOWE, Reading, Pa.
"Miss Apprehension."

\$25 SECOND PRIZE

DOROTHY RUSSELL, Lynn, Mass.
"Getting 'Soaked' on the 'Curb.'"

\$15 THIRD PRIZE

MRS. SARAH MARGLIS, Grantwood, N. J.
"An Ardent Dry in a Wet State."

\$10 FOURTH PRIZE

WILLIAM PRINCE, Manchester, N. H.
"Taxi-Man's Dream."

TEN \$5 PRIZES

H. Holler, Oakland, Calif.; Leo O. Martin, St. Anne, Ill.; Rev. Horace E. Morrow, Harvey, N. D.; E. L. Milner, Sioux City, Iowa; Frances Perres, Brooklyn, N. Y.; William Schaffarzick, White Sulphur Springs, Mont.; Jessie Wiley Smith, Camden, S. C.; Milton V. Stenseth, Wichita, Kan.; Ruth Vertovsky, Cleveland, Ohio; Frances Werschinger, New York, N. Y.

FIFTY \$2 PRIZES

Mrs. Abbott, Sabillasville, Md.; Odom Alexander, Charlotte, N. C.; F. Y. Arrington, Rocky Mount, N. C.; James H. Auburn, Perth Amboy, N. J.; Margaret Beiser, Kansas City, Mo.; Alexander Bennett, Panama, Ill.; Dr. John J. Brady, Philadelphia, Pa.; Thelma Bunnell, Jeffersonville, Ind.; John H. Carnes, Orlando, Fla.; Ada Coleman, Muscatine, Iowa; Gertrude Corbett, Dorchester, Mass.; E. B. Correll, Milwaukee, Wis.; Florence Cunningham, Winnipeg, Man.; C. D. Curren, Elmira, N. Y.; Emmett T. Delehanty, Chicago, Ill.; R. J. Elwood, Alhambra, Calif.

E. H. Fox, Orlando, Fla.; Michael Furey, Boston, Mass.; John Hallquist, Rockford, Ill.; Helen R. Harper, Overbrook, Pa.; Mrs. Kitty Harrison, Walhalla, S. C.; Walter Hazzard, St. Louis, Mo.; William G. Heiner, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Mrs. James B. Heth, Evanston, Ill.; E. Hope, Vancouver, B. C.; Homer Howe, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mary Jackson, Miami Beach, Fla.; Al. Jameson, Minneapolis, Minn.; John J. Love, Webster, Mass.; Free R. Lusnie, St. Charles, Mo.; Mrs. Jack Mann, Dallas, Tex.; M. McKinney, St. Bernard, Ohio.

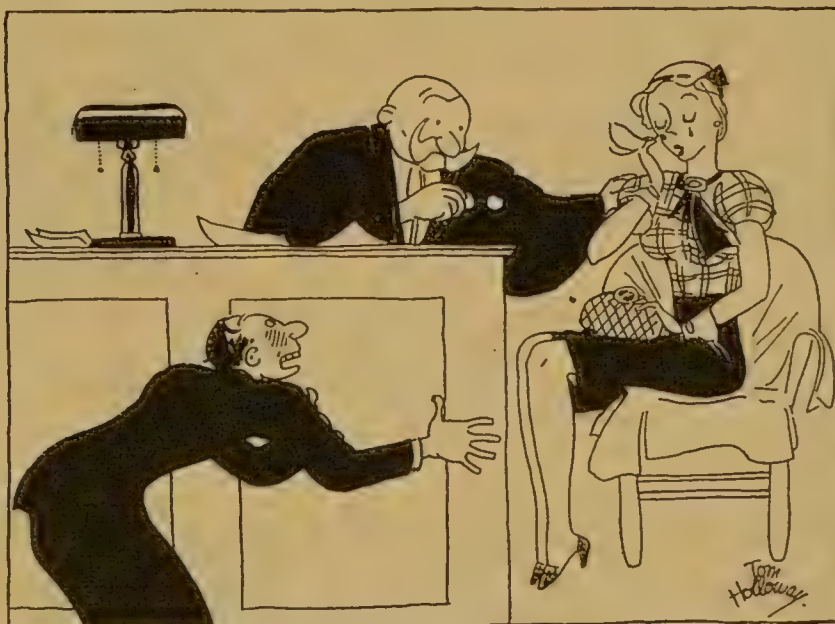
A. Earl Miller, Los Angeles, Calif.; Iva Modersette Moor, Gladewater, Tex.; H. W. Mulhall, Cambridge, Mass.; Mrs. Gertrude Nickel, Muskegon, Mich.; Lillian S. Nixdorf, Pittsburgh, Pa.; James H. Oplinger, Walkerton, Ind.; Thomas J. Phillips, Bristol, R. I.; George Power, Baltimore, Md.; Richard R. Randolph, San Angelo, Tex.; Henry B. Reilly, Livingston, Mont.; Erich L. Schuessler, Franklin, Pa.; John F. Stahl, Glen Cove, N. Y.; Betty Thayne, Long Beach, Calif.; Edward Turner, Suffolk, Va.; Lloyd B. Urban, Los Angeles, Calif.; Mrs. Theodore Wilder, Waverley, Mass.; Bernard Wirth, Wauwatosa, Wis.; Elizabeth Hardy Wright, Meriden, Conn.



This is the picture

\$250 in CASH PRIZES

FOR
THE MOST LAUGHABLE ENDINGS
FOR THIS WEEK'S PHONY EXCUSE



"I'm sorry, judge, that I'm in arrears in my alimony payments, but"

WHAT would you tell the judge in a case like this? Tell it to the contest judges in accordance with the brief rules below and your chance to win a share of the prize money is excellent. You can win as much as \$50 if you are awarded first prize. Second money is \$25, and there are sixty-two other cash awards. Send in a phony excuse and get into the money.

Here is the start: "I'm sorry, judge, that I'm in arrears in my alimony payments, but" You go on from here and finish it in twenty-five or less of your own words. The rules give complete instructions for filing your entry. Please be sure that your name and full address are plainly written or printed so that there will be no delay in delivery of your check if you are a prize winner.

PHONY EXCUSE CASH PRIZES

First Prize	\$50
Second Prize	25
Third Prize	15
Fourth Prize	10
Ten Prizes, \$5 Each	50
Fifty Prizes, \$2 Each	100
Total Prize Money	\$250

PHONY EXCUSE CONTEST RULES

Anyone anywhere may compete, except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families. Complete the Phony Excuse, begun above, using not more than twenty-five words of your own. The printed words need not be included in this count.

Write a brief statement to accompany your entry telling what story, article, or feature in this issue of Liberty appeals to you most and why.

The completed Phony Excuse which in the opinion of the judges is the most laughably entertaining and which is accompanied by the clearest, most convincing statement of preference will be adjudged the best.

In order of their excellence on this basis, prizes will be awarded to the sixty-four highest rating entries as follows: First prize, \$50; second prize, \$25; third prize, \$15; fourth prize, \$10; ten prizes, each \$5; fifty prizes, each \$2. In case of ties duplicate prizes will be paid.

No correspondence can be entered into regarding any entry. The Contest Board of Liberty will act as judges and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final.

Mail all entries to Phony Excuse Editor, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

All entries for this week's contest must be received on or before Monday, June 19.

ANOTHER \$250 CONTEST NEXT WEEK

(Reading time:
4 min. 45 sec.)

PIPE organs are the world's largest musical instruments. A full-sized pipe organ is as big as a house. Yet the lady musicians who play them are often wee and birdlike. Ann Leaf, who plays for the radio, is the tiniest lady organist, and the most famous. She stands less than five feet, weighs one hundred pounds. You wonder how her infantile extremities can cover all the ground organ-playing demands.

"At first," she told me, "no one would give me a chance. They looked at me and said I couldn't possibly do it."

Contrary to general notion, Miss Leaf says you don't need size or muscle to play a great big pipe organ. What you need, she says, is talent for doing a dozen different things at once. You must be a person who can pat your head and rub your stomach at the same time, make opposite circles in the air with each hand simultaneously—all those old tricks. Ann is expert at them.

"A big organ is really a one-man quartet," she declared. "Each foot and each hand has a separate part to play, while your wits lead the orchestra."

Ann Leaf has been an organist since she was eleven. She played the piano when she was four.

Women are to blame, she thinks, for the decline of piano-playing in the home. "Men always cherish a picture," she says, "of a wife sitting at home, playing a piano in the twilight. So they marry a girl who can play. But as soon as she's married she gives it up."

Ann is not one of those girls. She still plays the piano for her husband. In private life she's Mrs. Elias Kleinert.

AN old flame can produce a good deal of heated controversy between husband and wife—but I think it is seldom that old flames really set anyone afire.

A case in point has just come to my attention. The wife is a friend of mine. She and her husband have been married about ten years; their feeling toward each other is compounded, to the usual degree, of love, amusement, jealousy, etc. By this I mean to say that they are a normal, ordinary married pair.

It was an old flame of hers who appeared, not long ago, upon the scene. Once she had almost eloped with him. Hadn't laid eyes on him since her marriage. He came to town on a business trip. Called her up from his hotel.

Exclamations of surprise. . . . You, of all people! . . . After all these years! . . . Of course I'm dying to see you. . . . Your voice (a little flirtatiously) hasn't changed one bit. . . . Eat dinner with us here. I've told my husband loads about you. . . . Well, no—not everything. . . . Well, I suppose I could meet you downtown if you'd rather. . . . Where? . . . Is that a speakeasy? . . . All right. One o'clock. . . .

They lunched together in the romantic atmosphere of



TO THE LADIES!

By PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

linguist, friend of the famous in Europe, and descendant of the first Czar of Russia



Ann Leaf

about her lunch. Instead of laughing, her husband was hurt and jealous. He has been muttering suspiciously ever since.

Where there's an old flame there is smoke—even if the fire has gone out.

FOR the seashore—fez caps of white terry cloth, and rubber bathing suits, and beach coats with stencil patterns of fishes. Evening gowns of striped linen this summer.

A CLEVER Italian girl serves this Salad Margherita: Mince 1 cup chicken or veal and 1 cup cold spaghetti. Add 1 green pepper baked 5 minutes and peeled, also 1 small cucumber and 2 tomatoes, all peeled, drained, diced. For the dressing, crush 1 anchovy and blend with 1 tablespoon each of mayonnaise and sour cream. Mix this with above ingredients and serve very cold on round platter encircled by shredded lettuce and hard-boiled eggs sliced crosswise. Italian bread sticks go with it.

YOU should see the letters I have had from men who read that paragraph of mine about the scarcity of old-fashioned woman-haters. Such denials! I'll quote a few of them.

"Whatever happens, you can lay all the blame on women. Here I am, hating them all . . ."

"Silly, shallow, futile, feline. . . . Ever since the dawn of history woman has been the hub and the circumference of violence and covetousness . . ."

Yet one man writes: "No, I am not a woman-hater. . . . I am so tender-hearted, so partial to them, that they gleefully use me for a football, and have done so for years."

WHAT strange affinity can there be between gangsters and flowers? When I first came to this country I read about Dion O'Bannion, the Chicago racketeer who cultivated roses in his spare time, and was finally shot to pieces in the midst of them. Now I understand that Owney Madden, New York mobster of grim repute, has become the lily expert at Sing Sing. He works in the prison garden, and lilies are his specialty.

My father was once a political prisoner in Europe. He told me afterward that the worst types among the criminals he encountered were eager to raise flowers.

lost love and clandestine cocktails. It was one of the most tiresome afternoons she ever had spent.

That old flame of hers held her hand and talked about his wife. He recited a mournful history of business troubles—which didn't sound nearly as bad as her husband's troubles. He told her slightly naughty stories—every one of which her husband had told her at least three years before. That old flame was an old flop. She wondered what she ever could have seen in him.

To give her husband a laugh, she told him all



We went right on through. I heard Tim yell: "Gangway!"

(Reading time: 29 minutes 55 seconds.)

PART ELEVEN—CONCLUSION

THE disappointment of my life is that I could not get into the World War. Of course I moved heaven and earth to go. At Plattsburg they turned me down because I was over the age limit of thirty-five. I guess they thought I didn't know how to fight. I tried to enlist in the Marine Corps and was refused. I tried to enlist in the regular army and they wouldn't have me, all because of a little touch of pneumonia from which I was recovering. It was maddening. I had been in wars all my life, and now here was a big one and I couldn't make the grade.

Finally, through the help of old army officers who knew me, I managed to get a commission in the Texas National Guard, which a few days later was incorporated in Uncle Sam's national army. But they made me machine-gun instructor. I pulled all the wires I knew, and so did a number of my friends in the army. At last it was all fixed; I was sailing for France in two weeks. And then the war ended.

Meanwhile I had been promoted to major, but I never did get to the war.

The chance of a lifetime and I missed it!

So I came back to New York disappointed. I had no idea I would ever go to war again. I thought it was all over.

Then an old friend from the West came to see me. He wanted me to undertake a mission to Morocco for him, see Abd-el-Krim, and get a concession for handling certain rich copper mines in the Riff Mountains.

One of the biggest copper lodes of the world is in Morocco. Before the war German interests had the concession. The war came before the mines could be exploited. In the confiscation of German property after the war the concession was canceled. It reverted to Spain, but Abd-el-Krim held all that country. Spain could not sell the concessions because she did not control the Riff.

Now, if we could just get a concession from Krim, contingent on his winning his war, we could raise money in New York to develop those mines and could all get rich in a hurry.

So to Morocco I went and I had no difficulty getting in touch with Abd-el-Krim. Everything had been arranged to pass me through the Spanish lines before I left America.

The whole Riff war has been so shrouded in mystery that few realize the extent of it. The tribes of the Riff



Tex! Tex! Quick! I've got the Whiskers!"

have always fought the invading Europeans, but this last trouble really began over the German concessions. Then during the World War Germany tried to stir up more trouble, and did. The French succeeded in holding it down. Then the tribes rose in Spanish territory.

There was strict censoring of all news, and the outside world hardly knew a war was going on. But the first 50,000 Spanish troops fighting against Abd-el-Krim were simply slaughtered.

A line of Spanish blockhouses two or three miles apart encircled Tangier about ten miles from the city. But Abd-el-Krim's agents were in Tangier, and there was perfect communication between them and his constantly moving headquarters.

As soon as I reached Tangier I saw the men to whom I had been sent, and a few nights later they took me out to see Abd-el-Krim. We rode across country, eighty miles to his headquarters in Adjir. The country is like Arizona or New Mexico, and the town is like a little Mexican town—no more than

thirty low adobe houses, flat-roofed. It was almost lost in the swarm of Berbers camped around it. They were always coming and going. In the two weeks I was with Abd-el-Krim I saw two or three thousand troops, but never more than a few hundred at a time. And Abd-el-Krim was always moving, himself. We moved three times in those two weeks.

For the first few days I was simply left at large in the camp, though I was always closely watched. Then one day a Greek who spoke English came and introduced himself as one of Abd-el-Krim's secretaries.

In another day or two Mohammed Ali appeared. He was full brother to Abd-el-Krim and had equal power with him. He spoke English well. Finally I was invited to have lunch with Abd-el-Krim himself and talk it over.

We were now in some other God-forsaken little dobe village on the desert. Mohammed Ali came to get me and we went together to their headquarters.

Abd-el-Krim was sitting on several layers of beautiful rugs spread on the floor of one of the huts. He was the typical Arab, swarthy, heavy-set, with a rather dull, heavy face and piercing keen black eyes. He wore Arab clothes—white burnoose, white headkerchief with the encircling headband of an emir. He spoke broken English, but when it came to business Mohammed Ali translated.

Abd-el-Krim had been educated in Spanish schools, and

A Business Talk with Abd-el-Krim—Fighting Human Rattlesnakes—Tim McGuire Goes to Glory—Medals and Memories

Born to Raise Hell

By

TEX O'REILLY

as told to

LOWELL THOMAS

Illustrations by DAN SAYRE GROESBECK

had been a minor Spanish official in Melilla. He had some trouble with the Spaniards and was thrown out of his job and imprisoned. When released he returned to his native mountains, raised the tribes, and took the field. He and Mohammed Ali were really trying to start a general Mohammedan war against Europe.

Our conferences never came to any definite conclusion. I had three of them with Mohammed Ali and Abd-el-Krim. The rest of the time I loafed around camp, always under observation. In all, I saw fewer than a hundred prisoners and French deserters. I have great admiration for the Berber as a fighting man, but he is ruthless; he does not take prisoners. Deserters and prisoners were treated alike—badly. The poor wretches were always sneaking a chance to speak to me, to beg me to take them out.

But how could I? Abd-el-Krim had given me a safe-conduct, and I could not double-cross him by helping his prisoners to escape. However, in our last camp one of the prisoners interested me.

HIS name was Becquier. He was an Alsatian and looked like a German. He had served through the Great War in the French army and made a good record. Then he re-enlisted to fight in Morocco and deserted. He told me that the one thing in the world he wanted was to get back to Brooklyn. He had lived there two years. He was a baseball fan, and strong for the New York Giants.

Becquier said if I could only help him to reach Tangier he could stow away on a boat. But I told him I could not do it. I said, however:

"When they take me out, if you can show up at the meeting place and get the guards to take you through the Spanish lines as my servant, all right. If you can't, that will be just too bad for you."

"Well," he said, "where will the meeting place be?"

"If they tell me I will tell you, if I get a chance."

The Berbers varied the point at which they went through the Spanish lines. Those who were to be taken through met at an appointed spot, where the Berber guards took charge of them.

Then one day Mohammed Ali came to me and said, yes, they would sell the mining concession. The price was one million dollars. Terms, \$300,000 in gold paid down when the contract was signed.

Now what I wanted was a contract contingent upon Krim's being able to deliver the goods. The indications were that he might win his war, but if he didn't his sale of the concession would be no good. I said I had no authority to close the deal on those terms, and Mohammed Ali was perfectly straightforward and definite. "All right," he replied. "Glad to have met you. Good-by."

In a couple of days one of the secretaries told me that I would be escorted through to Tangier that night. When I found out where the crossing point was to be I slipped the news to Becquier.

Five or six Berbers went with me across country to the meeting place, a certain dry arroyo. We got there in the afternoon. My guides sat there till nearly sunset and then started back to Krim's camp. An hour or so later Becquier showed up. He had slipped away from camp and made the eleven miles on foot. He took charge of my saddlebags and began making coffee for me over a little fire and nobody paid any attention to him.

There were two or three hundred men and women in that arroyo waiting to go into Tangier. Just at sunset about twenty Berber guards came in with two prisoners, a Spaniard and a Frenchman. Their wrists were tied together behind their backs and connected by a six-foot rope. Becquier was terribly excited. He said:



DON JAMES GROSBETH.

Chambrelle didn't run. He stayed right there, hands tied,

"I know him! It is Captain Chambrelle, the finest officer in the French army! This can't happen! We must stop it!"

I said, "Don't be a damn' fool. How can we stop it?"

The Berbers were taking those two men up into the Spanish lines to kill them and mutilate their bodies.

Becquier said, "Do you know what they are going to do to them—after they are killed?"

I knew, and I shut him up, because what the Berbers do to enemy dead is no pleasant topic to talk about. Becquier kept insisting. The only weapon he had was a knife he had stolen somewhere, and I had a .45 automatic. There were nearly two hundred armed men in that arroyo, besides the twenty guards. I said:

"We can't do anything. It's hopeless."

But I liked the looks of Captain Chambrelle. He was a fine upstanding man, the best type of French officer.

WE sat there waiting till about nine thirty. The Berber soldiers were going out to their posts ahead of us. Five guards stayed with the prisoners. Becquier was nagging at me all the time, and finally said:

"My God, if I only had some French soldiers here! They would save him."

That made me sore. I said:

"All right, let's see if we can think up a scheme."

When everything was ready two guards came and told me they would take me through. I ordered Becquier to pick up my stuff and come along and they made no objection. We were the first to leave the arroyo. It was a dark



fighting with his feet. I went in with the automatic.

night. We followed little goat trails through the hills—Arizona country—dry hills covered with patches of desert brush and cactus scrub.

We passed twenty-five or thirty Berber posts, three or four men on guard every couple of hundred yards. There wasn't a sign of trouble. The Spaniards in the block-houses must have been asleep. Nobody fired at us. We went right on through till we came to the last guard post, at the edge of the road leading into Tangier. There our two guards turned around and went back.

I WALKED a little way down the road with Becquier behind me. We were through the Berber lines, were in Spanish territory. So I felt free of any promise, any obligation to Abd-el-Krim for having given me a special passport. So we turned around and went back.

We circled right around the Berber post and got in behind it. We went back about halfway to the arroyo. We knew the prisoners would be brought along that trail. I said to Becquier:

"Those prisoners can't run through this scrub while they are tied together. So when I give the signal, you rush in, cut the rope, and tell them to break. Even if their hands are tied they'll be able to run."

So we got close in to the trail, behind some scrub.

Pretty soon we saw them coming. They had come up along the line of outposts and dropped off one guard. The Berber guards wore white clothes, and we could see them plainly: three guards in front with their rifles and knives, then the two prisoners, and one guard behind.

When I gave the signal Becquier went in. He cut the rope and yelled and I started shooting.

The guards didn't use their rifles much, didn't have time. They dropped them and used their knives. Chambrelle didn't run. He stayed right there, hands tied, fighting with his feet. I went in with the automatic. And when it was over the four guards had gone to join Allah the Merciful and the Compassionate.

The Spaniard had a bad slash in the shoulder, Chambrelle's forearm was ripped open, Becquier was cut in the thigh and along the ribs. They were a sorry lot. And more Berbers were closing in on us from both directions. So I took a rifle and ammunition off the guards, and told Becquier and the others to circle around and try to get to the comparative safety of the road to Tangier. I did not have a scratch. I had had one great advantage: my clothes were dark and I could see the Berbers in their white clothes before they could see me.

THEY kept coming on. But I had the rifle and plenty of ammunition. I retreated slowly along through the scrub, smoking them up and holding them off till I figured the others had time to reach the Tangier road. Then I quit shooting and struck off at an angle and made my way down to the road.

We all met there. The Spanish sergeant was badly hurt. I tried to tie up his wound but I couldn't stop the bleeding and thought surely he would bleed to death. We made our way along the road, down toward the lights of Tangier. I knew that the Spaniards had outposts there, and that at night it was their custom to shoot at anything that moved.

We had to get the Spaniard to a doctor or he would die. I said to him:

"If I go any farther and start calling out in Spanish they will know I am a foreigner. So you go on alone. Sing out to the sentries. Explain yourself. Tell the officer of the guard we are out here, and then you can get us all in."

He did, and we were all O. K.

Then Chambrelle wanted me to go with him to French headquarters. But I was in a peculiar position. I had gone out to Abd-el-Krim's headquarters with a permit from him. He had treated me all right. In return I had killed a number of his men and rescued two of his prisoners. I'd do it again tomorrow; you can't stand by and see white men murdered and mutilated. Nevertheless I didn't want anything said about what I had done. So I told Chambrelle:

"Don't say anything about me. Becquier is the man who saved you. I didn't want to do it. He talked me into it. Now Becquier is a deserter. And if he hadn't done all this for you he would have got away. It's up to you to do something for him. My suggestion is that you get him an honorable discharge."

Chambrelle replied that such a thing was impossible. But there is a form of discharge in the French army, a discharge without privilege, called the yellow discharge. It means that a man is kicked out of the army, with no credit for previous service. Chambrelle thought he might get this for Becquier. It would restore his citizenship and allow him to enter France.

Any kind of discharge would suit Becquier. All he wanted was to get back to Brooklyn.

Next day Chambrelle came to see me at my hotel. He said he was sorry, but I would have to go before the French commissioner. Becquier could not be given the yellow discharge unless he had the affidavits of three eye-witnesses to what he had done. All of which meant that I simply could not hide my part in the affair.

So I made an affidavit before the French commissioner, and eventually Becquier got his dishonorable discharge

and left for France. The last thing he said to me was, "I'm on my way to Brooklyn."

I never heard of him again.

Meanwhile the Spanish sergeant, Fernandez, had talked in the hospital, and the Spanish officers gave a dinner for me. It turned out that Captain Chambrelle was on General Pétain's staff. He had been making maps of the enemy's country when he was captured. And he still had them when he escaped. They were of the highest importance to the French campaign.

The French gave me the Croix de Guerre for that night's work, and years later, after the war was over, the French Ambassador invited me to a dinner in New York and pinned the Legion of Honor on me.

O'Neill and Zamora and some other Spanish officers were going to Cadiz, and I went with them because my fare was paid from Cadiz back to New York. They urged me to come to the war with them, but I was traveling on other men's expense money and did not feel that I could go.

From Cadiz I cabled to the men in New York who were paying for my trip. I was rather relieved to find, as I expected, that my mining friends would not pay Abd-el-Krim \$300,000 in gold for a contract that would be good only if he won the war. That let me out. I turned around and went back to get into the fighting.

From Cadiz I took a little boat around the corner of Spain to Gibraltar and Algeciras. My Spanish friends fixed me up with permits. So I went direct to Tetuán. All the time I was running into men I knew, men from the Philippines and from China and from the Mexican revolutions. In Tetuán I met Count Hugh O'Donnell and he introduced me to his father, the Duke of Tetuán, then Secretary of War in Primo de Rivera's new cabinet. They welcomed me as an old friend. Our ancestors had fought together in Ireland for centuries.

The Spanish forces had been driven back until they held only a narrow strip of coast, about ten miles wide and 135 miles long, from Tetuán to Melilla. They had been fighting steadily since 1921. This was 1924. Tens of thousands of their soldiers had been slaughtered. There was the strictest censorship, hardly a rumor reached the newspapers, but the situation was desperate. Spain was pouring out her blood, tens upon tens of thousands of conscripted men, and Krim was winning the war.

Primo de Rivera had just become dictator. He could not hold the blockhouses, and to retreat from them meant enormous loss of Spanish lives. His troops were revolting. In Melilla three companies of the Foreign Legion refused to go up to the line.

These were companies of the Third Spanish Foreign Legion, organized at the beginning of the war against Abd-el-Krim. It had fought splendidly, and the revolt of the three companies at this time was serious.

ALL their officers had been killed in action. The men had elected their own officers; they were fully armed and refused to be disarmed. Dissatisfaction was so strong in the army that it was not wise to order the Spanish troops to fire on these Legionnaires. The Spanish officers talked this over with me. And they offered me a command of one of the companies.

I said I would go to Melilla and look the situation over. I wasn't optimistic, though.

Melilla is an old walled city built on a huge rock once fortified by the Phoenicians. A rocky isthmus bristling with ruins and modern forts connects it with the mainland, where the Spanish troops were camped. When I drove into the camp I saw that the soldiers were in bad shape—ragged, thin, suffering from malaria. The mutineers had sentries posted. I called for one of the non-coms, and who should walk out but a scarecrow of my old friend Tim McGuire, the Irish policeman who had held up that march of Villa's army into Mexico City!

"Is it yourself I see, Tex?" he yipped.

"Hello, Tim. You in this mutiny?"

The light went out of his eye. "What's it to you?"

"Well, Tim, I have been asked to take command of this outfit. Call a meeting of the noncommissioned officers and explain this mystery to me. I never thought to

see the day a man by the name of Tim McGuire would be refusing to fight."

"Fight!" he said. "Give me one chance at them high-up Spaniards at headquarters!"

He called the meeting. I explained why I was there, and said, "Now, according to what I have been told at headquarters, you have mutinied here in wartime in the face of the enemy. What is it all about?"

They said, "We have not mutinied. We are willing to go out and fight tomorrow morning. But we can't get uniforms, we can't get food. We haven't any tobacco. Look at us. We haven't been paid for five months. Half of us are barefoot. Yes, and they even stole our wine rations."

For five months they had been fighting under these conditions. Time and time again they had sent in requisitions for supplies. No attention was paid to them. They were starving. So when they were ordered back to the lines they refused to go.

I WENT back and reported to Colonel Tammora that these men were absolutely justified. I told him that if the Secretary of War would give me special orders on the commissary I would stop the mutiny and accept the command they had offered me.

I wrote out the requisition, putting down everything the men asked for, and then some. Well, I got the order, and I promptly outfitted all three companies, and that ended the mutiny.

In two weeks the men were in shape, and we were out on the Tetuán-Melilla line.

My men were of every nationality. Headquarters detailed me a Spanish lieutenant, but I managed to sidestep that and get permission to promote a man from my company. All the Spanish officers were steeped in medieval ideas. They were all aristocrats. The line officers marched their men into battle, ordered them to take cover and shoot, and then every officer stood up under fire with his arms folded. By tradition a Spanish officer must show his bravery. And they are brave men. But naturally they were nearly all killed.

I picked as my lieutenant a Norwegian named Gundersen who had been an officer in the Norwegian army and had fought through the Great War as a captain in the British army. He had his honorable discharge from both services. Tim McGuire I made top sergeant. He was ideal in that place—equipped with fists to knock a man down if he needed it, and a tongue to salve the bruise afterward.

Tim had left Mexico to enlist in the World War. He had served through it in the French Foreign Legion.

We went out on patrol duty along the road from Melilla to Tetuán, and the Berbers attacked us a dozen times in seven weeks. Hardly a day passed that a couple of them didn't rise up among us from a little arroyo not big enough to hide a cat and kill a man or two before we could get them. In addition, we lost many men, some on outpost duty. Not a sound in the night, and in the morning we'd find them with their throats cut, bodies stripped and horribly, revoltingly mutilated.

It was worse than traveling in rattlesnake country. Rattlesnakes give warning. These attacks came suddenly out of nowhere, and twenty feet away they would melt into the ground and seem to pop up the next instant on our other flank. The Berbers seemed to have no military organization or discipline at all, but they always acted like one fighting body that you couldn't get hold of.

I tried to keep up disciplined routine, and once a week I lined the men up and inspected them, giving them a slating for a loose button or an unpolished buckle. After one of these inspections Tim McGuire came up to me and saluted gravely.

"Have I the captain's permission to speak to the captain?"

"What is it, Tim?"

"The captain will never be a soldier."

"Why not?"

"This morning the captain was at formation in a dress coat and undress pants, and a hole in the seat of the pants you could sling a cat through."

He saluted solemnly and walked away.

We never could get decent uniforms in the Legion. I had the devil of a time managing to be well turned out for the grand reception to Primo de Rivera in Tetuán.

Rivera had come from Spain to take command on the ground. He had made a wise and desperately courageous decision. He determined to abandon the blockhouse system, to reorganize the Spanish army in the field and transform its immobile units into a mobile force—and do it right in the midst of fighting the victorious Berbers who had the most mobile army in the world. It meant an enormous sacrifice of life, but it was the only thing that saved Morocco for Spain.

In Tetuán all kind of official ceremonies were arranged in his honor. I was introduced to him one afternoon at a reception in the Officers' Club. There were about a hundred officers on the terrace of the club, grandees of old Spain in all their pomp and glory. Colonels and generals surrounded me; I was outranked on every side, and we were all stiff and ornate with formality, when all of a sudden Tim McGuire came weaving in.

He lounged up to me where I stood talking with the officers of Rivera's entourage.

"Say, Tex, how about a pass? I'd like to look this town over."

I motioned him a little aside and said:

"Now, Tim, listen here. Of course there's no question of rank between you and me. But in a situation like this you've got to be a soldier. Show these Spaniards we Americans are just as good soldiers as they are. Now go outside, come in again, and do that properly."

He saluted and walked out. In half an hour I had forgotten all about him and was talking with three or four Spanish officers when Tim arrived on the scene again. In impeccable military manner he crossed the terrace, came up to me, halted, gave me a snappy salute.

"Have I the captain's permission to speak to the captain?"

"Yes, Tim, certainly. That's better. What can I do for you?"

"You can go to hell. I got it from the adjutant," he said, marching off in style.

The next week we went up the line, into the retreat from Sheshuan. The Foreign Legion fought as rear guard for that retreat. Rivera had decided to abandon Sheshuan and gather all his forces at Tetuán, on the coast.

Thirty thousand Spanish soldiers were lost in that retreat. Seven thousand were killed in one day. Four thousand of the Legion went into that rear-guard action, and eight hundred of us came out alive. Abd-el-Krim centered on us everything he had, and at that time he had in all about 60,000 men.

FOR the first time in that war they charged in mass formation. Bullets would not stop them; machine guns halted only the men they mowed down. We had bayonets; the Berbers all carried short swords or knives. Part of every charge got into our lines, and then it was hand to hand with steel.

We were strung out in the hills, bringing out the garrisons of the blockhouses and fighting stubbornly from pass to little pass. For five weeks we were almost continuously fighting. We did not know what was going on; there were no field radios, telegraph lines were down, messengers could not get through. The heliograph twinkled our orders across country. All we knew was that we had to hold our own little sections against the Berbers and give the men behind us time to carry out that retreat, and when those hard-boiled old Legionnaires were ordered to hold a point, they held it. In some cases their bones are holding it yet.

The Legion was wiped out. In ten weeks our First and Second battalions lost 110 per cent of their men and 85 per cent of their officers. Yet whenever we could

drop out of the line for a night our ranks were filled. Soldiers crowded the recruiting offices in Málaga. They were seasoned old veterans who had fought in many wars, therefore they could go from the recruiting offices straight into the lines.

That road from Sheshuan was a Via Dolorosa. The thing that will haunt my memory is the suffering of the civilian refugees. There were Spaniard colonists, a Jewish settlement, and many Moorish Christians. All fled in terror from the rising tide of Moslem fanaticism.

Scores of the aged and sick died by the wayside; many babies were born under the tropic sky and cradled in rags contributed by the passers-by.

Through it all Sergeant Tim McGuire fought like a wildcat and came out with hardly a scratch. He was always on hand, impudent, grinning, dirty, and unshaved, a rag hanging down the back of his neck to protect it from the sun, a tattered burnoose flapping at his heels. One night when the wind was cutting through us he said:

"God be praised, Tex, we've all got malaria."

"What's the big idea, Tim?"

"Sure we never feel the cold. We'd be shivering with chills anyway."

For a week we had no relief. The Berbers were pressing us hard.



WE held on day after day, losing men and officers, till I was the senior officer left in command of a skeleton battalion. We were still hanging on when the Berbers brought up their sacred flag. It was said to be the flag carried by the Mahdi at Khartoum in the Sudan in the days of General Charles Gordon.

Anyhow, they had carried that flag for months and we had all heard about it. It was a tattered old black flag with a green border. In its center a sentence from the Koran was woven with human hair, and the legend was that these were hairs from the beard of the Prophet Mohammed. A holy man from Tunisia carried it, and it was always heralded with drums. At sight of it the Berbers went crazy; nothing could stop them. Every time

they charged with that flag they broke the Spanish line. It came up on our left front. The drums were pounding and all the Berbers wildly yelling. The flag was carried ceremoniously along their lines, waving in our faces. Then they charged and broke through on our left. We swung our machine guns on their flank, but about 400 of them got in behind us and cut us off. They attacked us from all sides.

In the middle of that fight my commanding general heliographed me to retreat at once. I could not do it. If we retreated then, every man would be slaughtered. I tried to explain this by heliograph, but the order was peremptory: "Retreat at once." I ignored it.

It came again, and I refused to obey it. The general demanded an explanation. I heliographed back:

"We will not come out without our dead."

That was bombast, but it shut him up. It was a point of honor with the Legion. We would not leave our dead to be mutilated by the Berbers.

We were fighting there for twelve hours, gradually working our way out of that trap, and we came back to the new lines with 150 men and our dead. It was evening, the fighting died down, and we rested in the trenches. Whenever we fell back half the men were set to digging holes with trench spades.

The Berbers had got the idea from us and when they moved forward they dug in too. That evening their line was about a hundred yards from ours, and behind it three or four Berber tents stood opposite us concealed in an arroyo.

Just at sunset the drums came pounding over the hill, and the holy man in his green turban brought the sacred flag down to the line. The Berbers set up an unholy

jubilation. The holy man carried the flag up and down the line in front of us and they were all yelling. Then he planted it by the tents. At dawn they would charge with that flag, and I knew they would go right through us. The men were worn out. Only one of my machine guns was working.

The only hope was to get the flag that night. I called for volunteers; all my men were ready to go, and I picked twenty-one. We stripped to the waist and blackened our skins. I gathered up all the pistols in the outfit and armed the twenty-one men with them and with sword bayonets, sharpened.

The night was black; no moon, only a few dim stars. In the shadows of the hills there was not light enough to see. I lined the men up in V formation, like a football squad, Tim and I at the point. I said to them:

"There's only one idea in this: Get that flag. We do not bring out our dead, we do not stop for our wounded. Close up, touch bare flesh, keep on going. When you touch cloth, that's a Berber; cut him down. Whatever happens, keep going. If they get me, follow Tim. None of us comes back without that flag."

We had about three hundred yards to go. We charged in a flying wedge and never stopped. We got deep into the Berbers before they knew what was happening. They rose up around us in a yelling whirlwind. We went right on through. A knife ripped my arm, I lost touch with the men behind me, and then I heard Tim yell:

"Gangway! Tex! Tex! Quick! I've got the Whiskers of God!"

He was down under a tangle of Berbers. We piled on to them, got him out. The flag was in his arms. He was cut all to pieces. We picked him up and we brought him out of that, with the flag. Nine of us got back to our lines. Three died later.

The Berbers followed us right into our trenches. We drove them off. They fell back to their own lines, and then they set up the most miserable weird wailing I ever heard. Hundreds of them were kneeling there in the dark howling like wild animals, and Tim was dying.

His chest and belly and arms were slashed all to pieces. We had no doctors; there was nothing we could do.

I gave him a bottle of cognac and toward morning he died, drunk and happy and singing an old Irish song.

Next day the whole line retreated and we took our dead out with us. Outside Tetuán there is a field where hundreds of soldiers are buried. Tim was buried there. In

Morocco, beside the road to Tetuán. Later the Cruz de Valor was awarded to Tim, and the medal turned over to me. After more than a year I located two of his sisters and I sent it to them.

The sacred flag of the Mahdi hangs today in the War Office in Madrid. The retreat from Sheshuan, by then nearly completed, was the last big battle for our outfit in North Africa. As a result of our taking the flag several thousand tribesmen were reported to have deserted Krim.

Consequently I was given considerable credit, and a number of us were sent over to Málaga to be decorated by King Alfonso. I was given the Cruz de Valor.

I came home in the summer of 1925. The war was practically over then. To qualify for a permanent commission I would have had to take an oath of allegiance to Spain, and that I would not do. The United States of America is the finest country in the world so far as I am concerned, and my citizenship is my most valuable possession. Besides, I had been two years away from my family.

So they gave me a discharge and made me a reservist, a lieutenant colonel. At the same time they made me a Knight of the Order of Isabella la Catholica.

I haven't been in a war since. Maybe that was my last. On the other

hand, every war in which I ever fought was my last—till the next one came along.

At any rate, my last revolution was fought on West Tenth Street, New York, over the dining-room table. It was when the revolt broke out against the régime of President Portes Gil in Mexico. I was offered a commission, but refused to go. All the old interest was gone.

I must be enthusiastic about a cause before I can fight, and somehow of late I seem to have run completely out of causes.

I have helped save a number of countries—and now look at the damn' things!

It seems to be a popular notion that soldiers of fortune go to war for the money there is in it. I never knew one that made a living at it. They turn to a life of hardship and danger because they are that type of men, the pioneer type that has conquered the frontiers of the world.

Sure and it's a long-gone day since the spring of '98, when that kid of eighteen went footing it down the

Camino Real in San Antonio, Texas, with his gun upon his shoulder, lustily singing There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight.

About all he has gleaned out of thirty-five years of meandering and fighting is a little box of medals and a long reel of memories.

THE END



Since his own story, *Born to Raise Hell*, began running in *Liberty*, Tex O'Reilly, soldier of fortune, has been receiving letters by the hundred from all parts of the world. Long lost comrades in the wars of his youth have written to him joyously to renew old friendship. Youngsters who believe they too were "born to raise hell" have besought his guidance toward careers just like his. In *Liberty* next week Tex makes public a selection from this deluge of mail, and from his answers to it.

Bright Sayings of Children

Liberty will pay \$5 for every published original bright saying of a child. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned if unavailable. Address Bright Sayings, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.



Two Was Plenty

JUNIOR had had a fight with his friend Ray. Ray, said Junior, had hit the first blow. "Who hit the last?" he was asked.

"There wasn't but two hits, daddy," he explained. "Ray hit

me and I hit the ground!"—Mrs. J. M. Nunn, Grandfield, Okla.



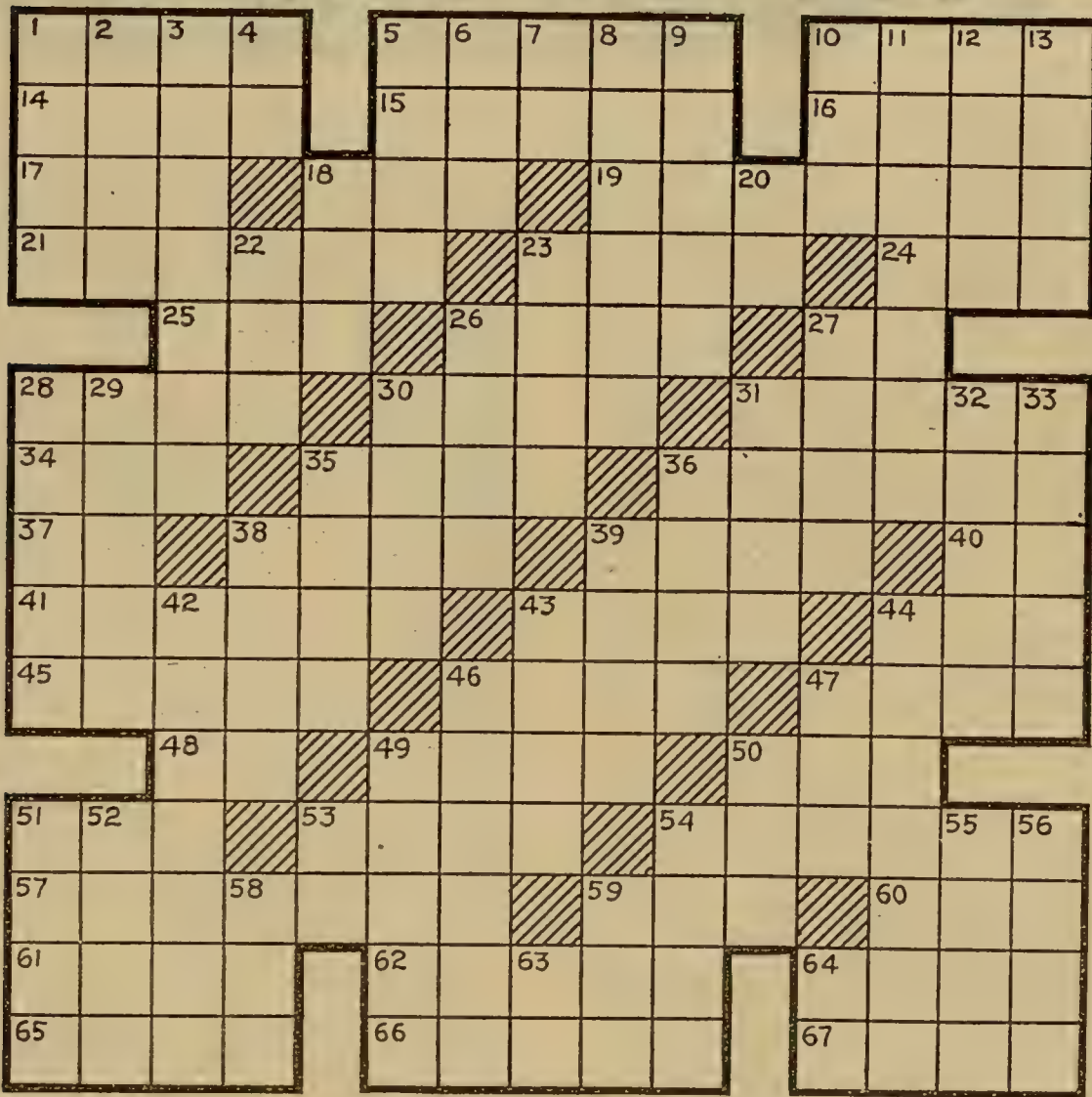
Stumped!

FIVE-YEAR-old Jean had been particularly trying. Finally her father said, "Jean, do you want me to come over there and spank you?"

Edging toward the open door, Jean replied: "Father, can you climb a tree?"—Clara Turngren, Hopkins, Minn.

CROSS WORDS

A NEW PUZZLE



HORIZONTAL

- 1 The noise produced by surf dashing on the shore
- 5 To puff up
- 10 To fill in by packing
- 14 A river in Russia
- 15 Long
- 16 A song
- 17 Attention
- 18 Stake
- 19 Female slave or concubine in a harem
- 21 One who labors as in bondage (plural)
- 23 A disease of wheat
- 24 Compensation for services rendered
- 25 Yellow ocher
- 26 Binding material
- 27 Indian mulberry
- 28 Dark brown color
- 30 Jumps on one foot
- 31 Turn inside out
- 34 Commotion
- 35 A planet
- 36 Invader
- 37 A fish
- 38 Title used in addressing a sovereign
- 39 To enrich with fat
- 40 Thus
- 41 Hunted for birds' nests
- 43 A cut of meat
- 44 A dram
- 45 Retinue
- 46 A heavenly body
- 47 Part of a skeleton
- 48 City of ancient Chaldea
- 49 A set-to
- 50 The male of certain animals

PITH AM ICE BAA
LORETTO RANDANS
UNAOTO INROADS
GAY TARN TALL
PARSONAGE HE
GOALS ATE PEA
SAILS NOMAD LAG
MILE PORES PAVE
ONE CAVES SANER
TED ARE SORES
ED OPALESQUE
CLAP HOUR ASP
SCRAPED LIE LAI
EREMITE ERRATIC
EYE ESE SE RODE

Answer to last week's puzzle

- 51 Territorial division in Norway
- 53 Lane
- 54 Unit of weight (pl.)
- 57 Toward the lee
- 59 The adopted son of Mohammed
- 60 Sleep
- 61 District
- 62 Fowls
- 64 The spirit of evil (Hindu myth.)
- 65 Political radicals
- 66 Obliterate
- 67 Passionate ardor

VERTICAL

- 1 Regrets
- 2 Of the mouth
- 3 Mexican Indian
- 4 An elevated road (colloq.)
- 5 Watches narrowly
- 6 Permit
- 7 Scoriated lava
- 8 Soldiers
- 9 To endow
- 10 Salt
- 11 Amused one's self lightly

- 12 River in France and Belgium
- 13 Revive
- 18 East Indian tree
- 20 By
- 22 Contend against
- 23 Breaches of continuity
- 26 Rent
- 27 Greedy
- 28 Coloring matter
- 29 Milk bag
- 30 Difficult to impress or influence
- 31 Deserve and receive as compensation
- 32 Tree gum
- 33 Figure of speech
- 35 Demeanor
- 36 Shower
- 38 Movement transmitted to something
- 39 Plunder
- 42 Fried lightly and quickly in fat
- 43 A clownish, awkward fellow
- 44 Pertaining to nouns
- 46 To turn to dust
- 47 Serpent
- 49 Large flat-bottomed boat
- 50 Prefix: three
- 51 Having wings
- 52 Such and no more
- 53 Exclamation
- 54 Delight
- 55 City in Japan
- 56 Extend across
- 58 Existed
- 59 An equine
- 63 Assyro-Babylonian deity
- 64 Pronoun

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

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Vox

How About Some Eggs to Go with That Bacon?

LLANO, CALIF.—Dwelling as I do far out in the Mohave Desert, surrounded by Joshua trees and sagebrush, I am perhaps overfilled with temerity, else I would not submit this thought of mine.

But even out here in the desert I am treading in the footsteps of my ancestors; for every week I drive a round



trip of sixty miles in pursuit of Liberty.

In the Vox Pop of April 8 issue I was highly amused by the heartbroken moan of Brother Nathan Cantor of the Borough of Brooklyn, New York.

Evidently Brother Cantor's efforts in some of Liberty's prize contests have failed to click.

In this I fully sympathize with him. My own efforts along this line have been nonproductive.

But I realize that geographical location exerts no influence in the matter of awarding these prizes, and with the bland faith of a Chinaman in his joss stick I shall continue my efforts, knowing that if I turn out anything good enough it will bring home the bacon.—*Nathan Read Wilcox.*

Here Is a Ring-Side Seat for the Nazi Battle Royal

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Dr. Hagedorn, in answer to Mr. Konrad Bercovici in the May 6 issue of Liberty, reveals that strange German propensity for crediting the world outside of Germany with possessing an average intelligence far below that of the illiterate peasant.

Again he puts forth the oft-heard Hitler-inspired argument that the Jews from Poland and Russia were indigestible elements. Secondly, he states that the antagonism toward the Jews was intensified by the demand, voiced at the recent Madison Square Garden rally, that Germany permit these immigrants to remain in Germany. Thirdly, that the United States deports monthly many thousands of aliens who for some reason or other are regarded as undesirable.

First let me say that the United States deports no one on account of his religion; that the deportations have

scarcely averaged more than a thousand a year—not a month; that the deportees are allowed to take with them whatever personal property they possess; and that they are not subjected to brutalities.

His statement regarding the demand made at Madison Square Garden is false, as everyone who listened in knows. On the contrary, the demand was made that Germany permit the unwanted element to leave. Dr. Hagedorn evidently means to imply that Germany is justified in torturing, murdering, robbing, and imprisoning within her borders a helpless minority because it is "indigestible." This is not surprising, as the Germans to this day believe that their statements of self-justification of the Lusitania murders have cleared them of guilt in the eyes of a "none too clever" world.—*Louis Lober.*

ANN ARBOR, MICH.—In answer to Konrad Bercovici's outrageous article in your magazine of May 6, I disagree with much of his propaganda of hate as well as his facts. I am an American by birth, third generation on my mother's side, but of German descent. Some of my kin fought on both sides during the World War.

As a university graduate, I as well as many of my friends, some of whom are men of high scholastic standing, are sympathetic to the Hitler régime. I am neither a "social misfit" nor a "degenerate" because of these sympathies.

Mr. Bercovici does not state that Hitler receives much of his support from the German universities, as well as from engineers, doctors, lawyers, and other similar groups.

I am sure these young men cannot be "uninformed beasts."—*George C. Engel-fried, B.S.E.*

The Story Was Fiction and the Date Changed Purposely

DALLAS, TEX.—The March 25 issue of Liberty contained a short short story, Kismet, by Leighton H. Blood, which gave an account of the engagement between the Germans and Americans in Cheppy on the 18th of October, 1918. The author of this story most certainly has his dates mixed. I went through and beyond Cheppy in the Argonne advance in the latter part of September.



B. F. McLain

I will guarantee that there were no Germans fighting with machine guns in Cheppy in October. The advance had progressed far beyond that town by the 18th of October, and if Captain Murray Clarke shot a German on October 18, it must have been a prisoner far back of the then existing front line.—*B. F. McLain.*

Yawl Were Sho' Out o' Luck

LYNCHBURG, VA.—It was Wednesday afternoon. The city of Lynchburg was in a turmoil. People were milling around on the streets. Crowds gathered at every corner with worried faces to seek consolation by discussing the disconcerting situation which seemed to assume the aspects of a riot.



W. Howard Blanton

Little children coming home from school sensed the tense atmosphere, and learning the state of affairs began to cry. Patrolmen in an attempt to disperse the crowds lost their billies and were forced to seek refuge in a near-by drug store. Traffic was jammed; streets were blocked by obstinate participants; honking of horns drowned the wails of a distressed city.

It seemed that we were completely isolated. Liberty had failed to arrive! —*W. Howard Blanton.*

Now Comes the Dawn

LAUREL, MONT.—I just finished reading Woman in the Dark, by Dashiell Hammett; and it left me in the dark as well as the woman. Of all the lousy stories, that one takes the cake. I really had to turn to the cover of the magazine to be sure I was reading Liberty. I thought I had picked up the wrong magazine!—*E. M. C.*

Where Have We Heard This Before?

BINGHAMTON, N. Y.—What is this world coming to? You may ask why! I'll tell you. I have never received a reject slip from Liberty and I know I



never will, because I never write anything for Liberty, the world's worst, rottenest, punkest magazine.

I'd like to meet the editor and all the rest of the people who work for Liberty sometime, and I'd take them on a trip across the ocean—but they would never get across. When I'd get them to the middle I'd make them walk a gangplank—and then peace to the world!—*Acc.*



We've a Smart Lawyer

GALVESTON, TEX.—Yes, sir, I am working my brains to find out a way of getting some remuneration from your magazine, even to filing a suit for damages against your company.

I am in charge of three apartment houses, and every time one becomes vacant I have to go and clean it—and



what do you think I have to carry most from these places? Old numbers of Liberty!

The trouble is that they do me no good, as I want my Liberty, like the biscuits, right hot from the oven.—*D. A. Assis.*

Is Rob's Face Red!

LEXINGTON, KY.—In the issue of your magazine under date of May 13 I read with great amusement the criticism of Rob Wagner on the film *Today We Live*, co-starring Joan Crawford and Gary Cooper.

I do not know whether Rob Wagner is a he, a she, or an it; but, whatever the gender, apparently the critic is far from being a student of details.

All through the criticism Wagner speaks of Franchot Tone as Joan's lover and Robert Young as her brother. It refers to Franchot going blind, when he does no such thing, and it refers to Franchot accompanying Gary on air raids, another thing he does not do.

Wagner says that Joan gives herself to Franchot and that when her real lover, Gary, returns from the dead Joan tells him she is lost to him. Such, most emphatically, is not the case, as I saw the picture; but instead Robert Young and Joan confess to Franchot, who plays Joan's brother, that they have not waited to be married to enjoy love. Yours for correct movie criticisms.—*Eugene Smith.*

But You Seem to Read 'Em

TRAIL, MINN.—The Woman Accused serial was the bunk.

Just sort of a lengthy synopsis of the story cut off in the middle—what I think is one fault of most of your serials.—*Bjarne Melbo.*

It Is Letters Like This that Make Life Worth Living

DETROIT, MICH.—I have been reading your serial *Born to Raise Hell*, which gives the Philippine adventures of Tex O'Reilly. On page 10 of the first installment, April 1 issue, Mr. O'Reilly describes the death of my father, Captain Bogardus Eldridge, Fourteenth United States Infantry, killed in action October, 1899, near Imus.

You know that was almost thirty-four years ago, and it gave me an odd thrill to come upon such a description as I casually read Mr. O'Reilly's story. It was indeed a voice out of the past. I was but a small boy at that time. My father's death changed entirely the course of our family's life, leaving as it did a widow with three children of school age.

My mother is almost eighty years old now and resides in Washington, D. C. Just recently she wrote to me as follows: "I am glad that Mr. O'Reilly knew your father, and remembered that he was a brave man."—*Charles H. Eldridge.*

We Will All Rise and Sing "Fair Old L-I-B-E-R-T-Y"

LANCASTER, PA.—Say, what is the matter with the knockers in Vox Pop? Don't they know a good magazine when they see one? They spend a nickel for Liberty, and Liberty turns right around and has three contests and gives its readers a chance to get their nickels back. If that isn't fair play, then I'm a son of a cockroach.



George Leo Resh

You have a damn' good magazine. Don't pay any attention to the knockers. We broad-minded readers will stick up for our alma mater.—*George Leo Resh.*

O. K., Pal

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.—After reading all of Liberty that my system would stand I wish to cast one vote for Death on the issue, "Give me Liberty or give me Death."—*Leo H. Haak.*

Hard Words from Texas

MISSION, TEX.—Please tell me why you will publish stories like the life of the Crown Prince with all the lies he tells. Why should you and why do you help them with their propaganda? Are you pro-German or are you getting paid for it? Cut this drivel out!—*Dr. Hal F. Halstead.*

Here Is One

CAMBRIDGE, NEB.—Have you forgotten that Nebraska is still on the map? I have never seen a Nebraska letter in your Vox-Poppers.—*Francis Fidler.*

Editorial 4

Shall We Work for Less? 6

WILLIAM GREEN
As told to EARL REEVES
Shorter hours of toil must come, says the president of the American Federation of Labor. What shall we do about wages?

Marriage Drums—Part II 9

JOSEPH DIXON
As told to CAPTAIN DON WILKIE

Beginning
The Outline of Love. GROUCHO MARX 16

Matrimony Moderne—A story
FREDERICK HAZLITT BRENNAN 20

Yardleygram III. HERBERT O. YARDLEY 26

Twenty Questions 27

Song, Sex, and Sorrow—Movie reviews
ROB WAGNER 28

On the Wings of the Storm—A story
EUSTACE L. ADAMS 30

An Open Letter to the American People UPTON SINCLAIR 36

Scarlet Woman—Part VIII
OCTAVUS ROY COHEN 40

Yardleygram Answer 45

\$250 Weekly Phony Excuse Contest... 46

To the Ladies!
PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN 47

Born to Raise Hell—Conclusion
TEX O'REILLY
As told to LOWELL THOMAS 48

Bright Sayings of Children 54

Cross Word Puzzle... 55

Vox Pop 56

The Man in No. 10. H. BEDFORD-JONES 58
A short short story

Cover by HAROLD N. ANDERSON

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The MAN in No. 10

(Reading time:
5 minutes 20 seconds.)

"I BELIEVE the operation is successful, Mrs. Adler," said the chief surgeon. "He has not talked, but his eyes look different. Sane and normal."

"Oh, thank God!" The woman, a dark, statuesque beauty, clasped her hands and lifted her eyes a trifle overdevoutly. "How soon can he be seen? When can I talk to him?" She leaned forward anxiously. "So much depends on it! I know that he is my husband. But my lawyers must be with me when we see him. My husband's recognition of me means everything, *everything*! Just one word from him—"

"I understand. If all goes well, let us say Thursday at three. I must be present myself. The case is intensely interesting to me, as you know."

The woman rose, extended her hand. Her voice broke.

"How good you are, doctor! As God is my judge, Henry and I had *always* been so happy until—until—"

Politely the chief surgeon saw her out. His assistant came into the office, took a chair, lit a cigarette, and regarded him with ironic humor.

"The Adler woman, eh? On intimate terms with the Deity, as usual?"

"You know her, Stuart?"

"Never met her. But the Adler place is next door to mine. I knew Adler intimately—"

"Why, if you have recognized him, it might be conclusive evidence! Have you seen him?"

The assistant lifted his brows. "My dear chief, I've been out of the city until yesterday, if you recall. Now, just what do you know of this case? Confidentially."

"This man was picked up, his mind a blank, two weeks ago. Despite changes in his appearance, he was recognized by this woman as her husband, Henry Adler, missing for the past six months. Amnesia. I've removed a bone splinter that was pressing on the brain. Was recently injured somehow; perhaps a traffic accident. Well, this Mrs. Adler is positive. Others disagree as to recognition. When he meets her, knows her, identification will be certain."

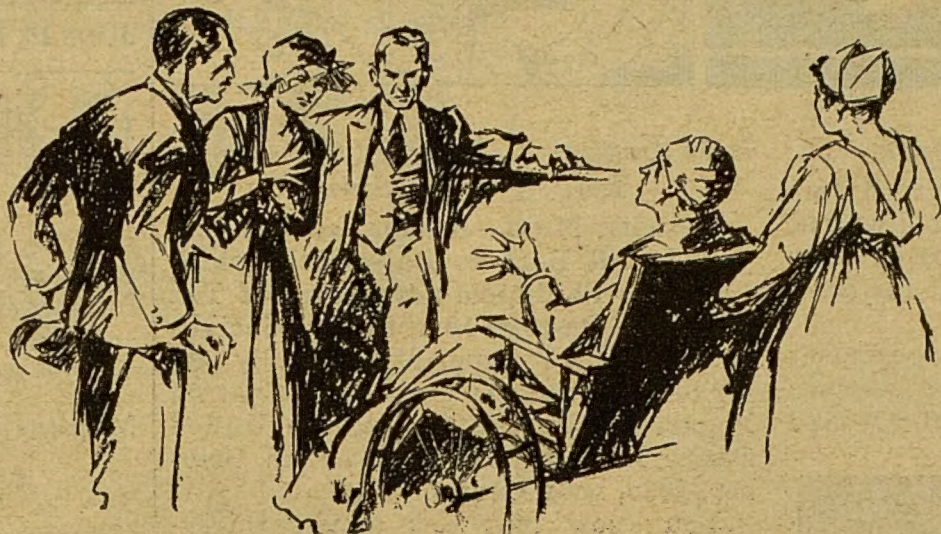
"You've a lot to learn," commented the assistant. "They've been married twelve years. She's a paranoiac. She'd go into spells of fury that would last a couple of days. Taunting him, berating him, raising hell generally; she can talk a blue streak. Adler was a gentle soul, sensitive. He used to come over to my place and have me translate French for him. He had a dream of learning French perfectly; said if he ever got two or three months' freedom he meant to speak French like a native, maybe go to France. I've heard him talk suicide, and mean it. Chief, that woman just about drove him mad!"

"Why did he stick with her, then? Divorce is cheap."

"Principle." The assistant shrugged. "Sorry for her. Weakness. What you like! He stuck it out as long as he could. When he turned up missing, six months ago, I wasn't surprised. She's wept all over the place, of course. She loves the spotlight. What's more important, she missed the money."

"Eh? What money?"

The assistant grinned. "When Adler vanished he took most of the boodle with him; a week previously he had converted his securities into cash. Oh, he left her



A Short Short Story

By

H. BEDFORD-JONES

enough to live on, sure! But he put the rest in a safe-deposit box somewhere. It was his money, but under the state law she gets half, you know. And, boy, does that woman love money!"

"Ah!" murmured the chief surgeon. "That's why she wants her lawyers present when she meets this man."

"You bet! And the minute he recognizes her, the game's up. He'll do it, too, if he's Adler. He's no hard-boiled egg—he's a poor sensitive devil!"

"Come along and see if you recognize him—"

"No, thanks! Leave me out of it. I have a

conscience," said the assistant dryly.

For the occasion the large reception room of the hospital was closed off. Mrs. Adler, all in the deepest mourning, supported by her two lawyers, sat by the table in the center of the room. She had put back her veil; her air was aggressive, yet she rolled her eyes to heaven devoutly when anyone addressed her.

The chief surgeon entered. "They are bringing him now, Mrs. Adler. Above all things, I must urge you to be calm, to show no excitement. For his sake, madam!"

"Of course," she murmured. "Dear Henry! God give me strength for the ordeal!"

The main doors opened. A nurse pushed forward a wheel chair in which sat a man of forty, a bandage about his head. His eyes were fastened upon the group by the center table.

Mrs. Adler came to her feet, hands clasped dramatically at her breast.

"Henry! My poor darling! To find you like this—"

THE chief surgeon slammed his office door with a sigh of relief, then saw his assistant awaiting him.

"Well?" queried the latter. "Sounds like hysterical screams in the reception room! What happened? Did Adler recognize her?"

"Adler? The man wasn't Adler at all!" exploded the chief surgeon.

"Eh? Wouldn't he talk?"

"Of course he would! He's a Frenchman named Jean Bart. Doesn't speak a word of English. The chief nurse had to interpret. He doesn't know how he came to be in this country; last he remembers he was working on a plumbing job in Havre or somewhere—he isn't too clear about it. He has no papers, no relatives, nothing! He'll have to be deported, naturally. Says he has some money of his own in a bank."

"Well, I guess that settles the question," said the assistant.

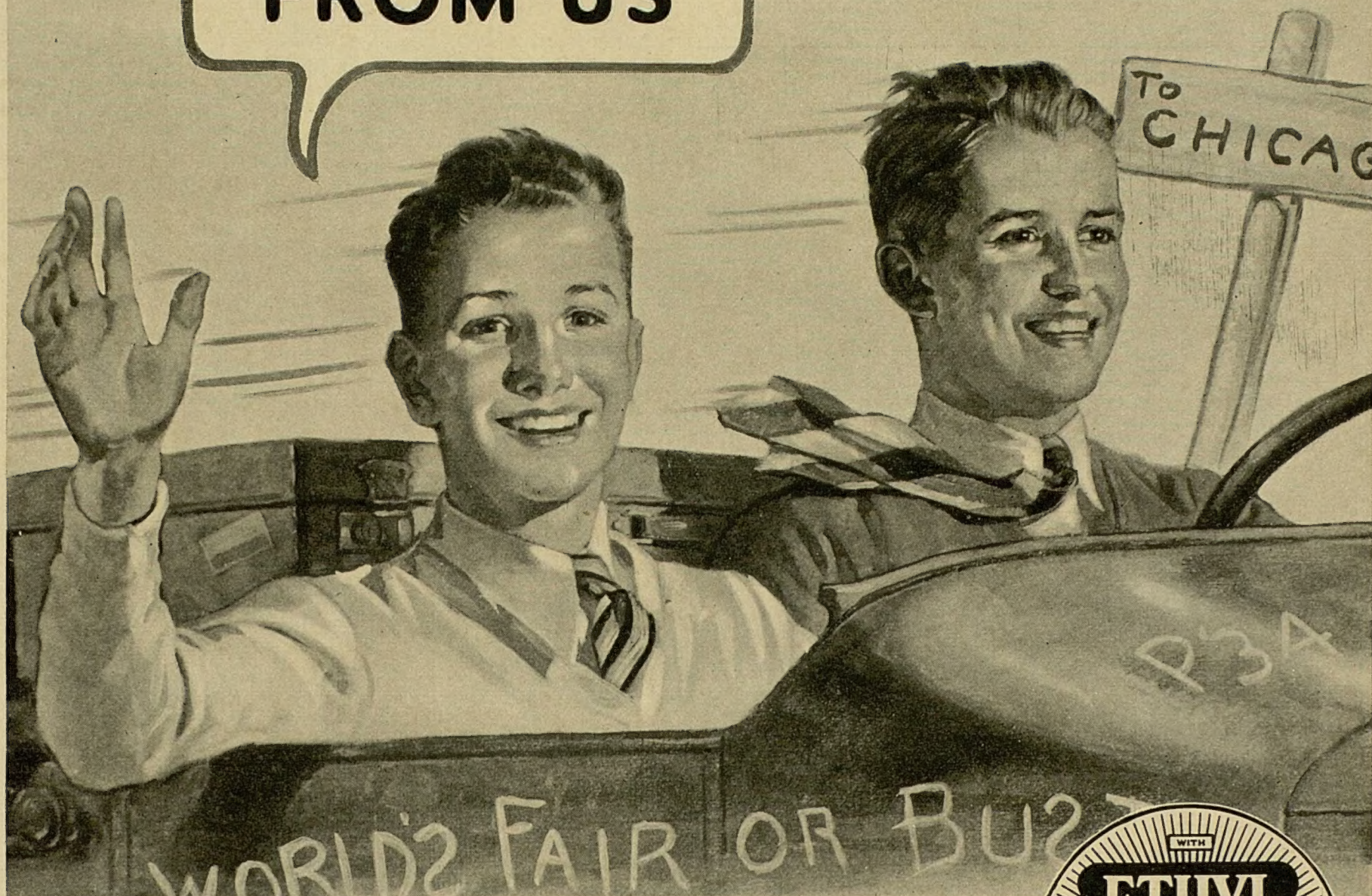
A few minutes later, in an upper hall, the assistant surgeon was passing the elevator when the man in the wheel chair was disgorged, en route to his room. The nurse turned the chair. The assistant surgeon came face to face with the Frenchman Jean Bart. Their eyes met. The surgeon, startled, opened his lips as though to speak—then checked himself.

The right eye of Jean Bart closed in a wink, and the chair passed on. After one instant of stupefaction, the assistant surgeon grinned suddenly and went his way, chuckling to himself.

As he previously observed, he had a conscience.

THE END

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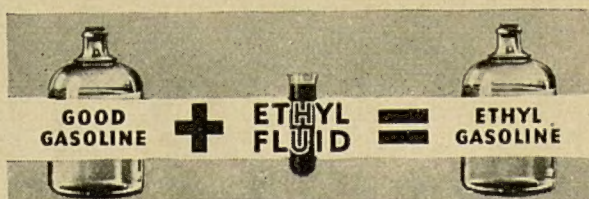
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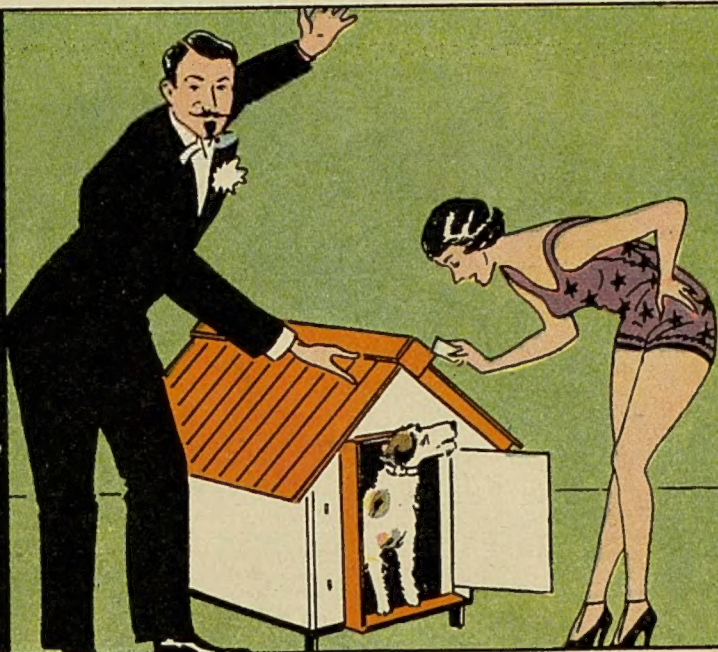
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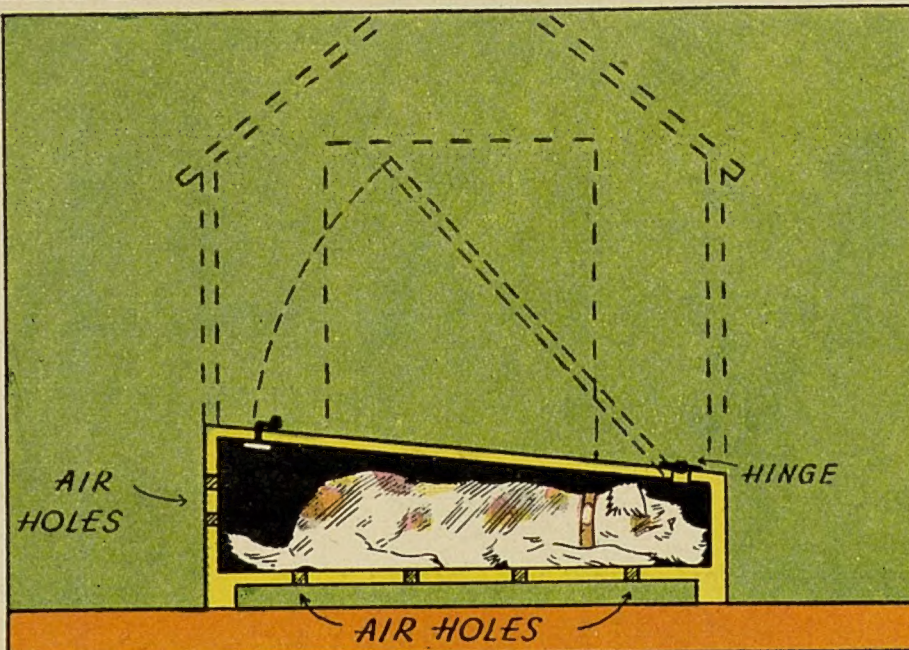


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